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HELLIONS OF HIROHITO

BY PHILLIP HARMAN



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Hellions of Hirohito

By

PHILLIP HARMAN

**A Factual Story of an American Youth's Torture and
Imprisonment by the Japanese**

Narration by ERIC HEATH



**DEVORSS & Co., *Publishers*,
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DEDICATED TO
GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK
and
MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK

FOREWORD
by
GENERAL RUSSELL L. HEARN

* * *

I had the privilege of reading the manuscript of *Hellions of Hirohito* before it was set in type. I perused the work with somewhat prejudiced mind. Having had a long personal acquaintance with Phillip Harman and Eric Heath, I know of their deep patriotism and their keen desire to bring home to the American people as vividly as possible the ferocity of our Japanese enemy. Furthermore, my own close contact with various high Japanese officials many years before Japan invaded our territory makes more significant to me any true revelation of the sinister aims and purposes of that country.

The dastardly attack by the Japanese on Pearl Harbor came as no surprise to me. Anyone who has spent a considerable length of time in the Orient has not been deluded by the outward show of friendliness of the Nipponese.

I believe there is no race of people on this earth quite as treacherous as the Japanese. Theirs is a treachery veiled by soft words and cunning smiles. Too long have we looked upon this enemy of ours in the Pacific as an easy victim of our might. We are awakening, but we

must still keep tearing at the haze before our eyes, and we must realize that we are faced with a powerful and unscrupulous foe headed by cold-blooded relentless leaders who have constantly fed a flame of hatred between the United States and Japan.

During my many years in the Orient I have witnessed and experienced torture which in a lingering way was much more terrifying than that endured by Phillip Harman. I was at one time subjected to the "water torture." Anyone wishing to test the efficacy of this method might try lying in a bathtub and allowing the hydrant to drip water on the center of his forehead for a few days. In about twenty-four hours those little drops create the feeling that one would have if he were being struck continuously with a trip hammer.

I have seen at first hand astounding acts of treachery, probably the most significant being the affair involving General Chang Tso-lin, Manchurian War Lord, which in my estimation was the beginning of Japan's active designs against America and Great Britain. This was in 1924-25. It was then the plan of Japanese, German and Italian leaders to gain the help of General Chang Tso-lin in a conquest of China, after which the General would be politely obliterated from this earthly sphere. Had not General Chang Tso-lin been overwhelmed with a powerful ambition to rule China himself without being under the thumb of the Japanese, no doubt the entire country of China today would be under Japanese domination.

I can substantiate the statements made in *Hellions of Hirohito* as to the inadequacy of the Hong Kong de-

fenses, the brave efforts of the volunteers and civilians to hold the city, and the terrible acts committed against the persons of British and American civilians. It is a story that has been told before, but it bears re-telling many times. It was in anticipation of such occurrences that some years ago I agreed to begin to form an organization known as the "Flying Tigers"—a group of young American aviators who volunteered to go to the aid of the valiant Chinese.

Never at any time have I had doubts of our ability to subdue the Germans and the Italians, and I am sure that, sooner or later, the word "Hirohito," the human God of the Japanese people, will be merely an historic memory. But I would not be a true American citizen and all of my many years' experience in the Orient would be wasted if I were to refrain from issuing a warning to our people that a long struggle lies ahead of us before Japan ceases to be a great, ugly menace to civilization!

HELLIONS OF HIROHITO

CHAPTER I

The Japanese officers at the concentration camp nicknamed me "Yankee Boy" . . . that was when they wanted me to become another "Lord Haw Haw" and broadcast from Tokyo. When they were about to disembowel me in Hong Kong, I was called by other names!

As I review all that occurred to me, my mind is always primarily focused on a great, vacant office in a certain building in Hong Kong. The happenings during the brief interval of time that I was in that room are emblazoned upon my brain, probably never to be obliterated . . . those cruel, grinning faces of the Japanese soldiers . . . that demoniacal gleam in the eyes of the Japanese officer . . . that long, flashing knife pointed at my stomach . . . my lips forming a prayer my mother had taught me as a child . . .

It was then that all of the important episodes of my life passed before me in fantastic, kaleidoscopic manner . . . everything distorted . . . weird. . . .

Now that I am back in my own America, I am able to give a coherent account of all of the dramatic events that occurred.

* * *

I will start at the beginning.

I guess I am an average American youth. My principal distinction during my school days in Berkeley, California, was my rather exceptional skill at tennis. The old saying about being "born with a silver spoon" might be changed in my case to being "born with a tennis racket."

I had a great love of the game . . . trying to outwit the player on the other side of the net . . . dashing back and forth to hit the elusive white ball . . . leaping, side-stepping, bending, with the blood coursing through my veins . . . thrilling to the applause of the onlookers at an exceptionally skillful return of the ball. . . . All of these things exalted me and gave a zest to life.

I believe, if a person loves to do a thing with all his heart, he can manage to excel at it. At any rate, when my father decided that it would be advantageous for me to go to school in London, England, I found that I had received sufficient recognition to be allowed to play against some of the world-famous champions of Europe. While competing in the many tennis championship matches in England, I played with such outstanding players as Miss Kay Stammers, Mary Hardwick and Bunny Austin.

My obsession for tennis possibly had a lot to do with my retaining a clean moral standard. I refused to take

up the habits of smoking and drinking, fearing that indulgence would lessen my stamina in the matches; and as for the girls, — well, I just had no time for them. That is, until I met Nana in Hong Kong!

It was in London in 1938 that I met the man who was destined to be the factor in my life that would lead me into horrible adventures in the Orient.

W. C. Choy, otherwise known as “Choy Wai-cheun,” was one of the most exceptional men I have ever met. He was a Chinese gentleman in every sense of the word, a graduate of the University of Cambridge and a member of the Chinese Davis Cup Tennis team. He was only twenty-seven years of age, just eight years older than I. He was short and slender. A brilliant scholar, he spoke English perfectly, as well as several other languages. He was unusually suave and continental for a Chinese. His face was radiant; when looking into his deep-set brown eyes, one would naturally fall under the influence of his magnetic personality and be glad to have a chance to talk with him.

I first met Choy in September, 1938, while I was standing in the Croydon airport with thousands of others who had gathered to witness the arrival of Premier Chamberlain after his visit with Hitler at Munich. I was present because I had a youthful curiosity and desire to be in on unusual events.

Chamberlain alighted from his plane with a smile on his aesthetic face. In his hand he held a document which he waved at the crowd as he shouted:

“We have a treaty with Hitler!”

The dome-like walls of the airdrome resounded from the applause of the people. When the tumult had subsided, I was aware that someone next to me was muttering. Turning, I saw a Chinese gentleman standing close to me. I stared at him when I caught what he was saying.

"A treaty with Hitler is worse than a treaty with the Devil!"

Choy, for it was he, caught my gaze and smiled.

"You do not seem to be overjoyed at the fact that Mr. Chamberlain has made a peace-pact with Germany," I remarked.

"Little can be relied upon when making a treaty with an ego-maniac," he replied. "I have had the opportunity of studying the Fuehrer at close quarters. You English are idealistic. It is difficult for you to understand the mechanistic, materialistic German temperament."

"But I am an American," I told him.

"I can see that now," he observed. "Your accent deceived me for the moment."

I explained that I was attending school in London and that I lived nearby in Wandsworth, southwest London. Somehow I wanted to know this man better. I asked him if he would come to my quarters for tiffin. To my pleasure he accepted readily. Our long talk that evening in my room will always be a pleasant memory.

The house where I lived was very ancient and constructed after the medieval English pattern. Mrs. Burch, my landlady, fitted into the atmosphere of it splendidly . . . a strange, silent, elderly woman. When she brought

tea and cakes for Mr. Choy and me, I caught her looking askance at him. It was apparent that she did not approve of my friendliness with a Chinese.

Choy and I sat in front of the great brick fireplace and discussed politics, the characteristics of both American and Chinese people, literature . . . but principally tennis. Upon learning that Choy was a member of the Chinese Davis Cup Tennis team, I was elated. When he finally departed, reluctantly I was glad to note, it was with the understanding that we would meet for a tennis match the following day.

In the following weeks Choy and I became close friends. He turned out to be an expert with the tennis racket, and, in my opinion, one of the most graceful players I have ever seen . . . possibly because he was Chinese. Most Chinese I have observed are graceful. He had a certain style in his playing that was delightful to watch. He was somewhat lacking in speed, but his clever knowledge of the game from its subtler aspects made up for this deficiency. His service and forehand were only fair, but his backhand was in a class all by itself and equal to that of Don Budge.

I trust I shall be forgiven for my occasional rhapsodies about tennis. You see — *now* — I have to *talk* more about it than *play* it. The Japanese wrecked my health to an extent where it may be a long time before I can again put up real competition.

How true was Choy's prediction on the day that I first met him! Hitler continued his rape of the small European countries, and it became more and more evi-

dent that England would have to go to war.

I stayed on as long as possible, regretting the thought of losing the cherished companionship of my new friend and of leaving the romantic, old-world atmosphere of England. Yet, at times, I was desperately lonely for America . . . I knew that no other place on earth could hold me for any great length of time.

Choy went with me to Southampton, where my ship, the *S. S. Volendam* of the Holland American Line was making ready to sail for New York.

"We shall meet again, Phillip," Choy said to me as he shook my hand.

"Do you really think so, Choy?" I asked anxiously.

He smiled. "We Orientals believe very deeply the things we want to believe."

I was unable to find words which would be suitable for a reply to his remark, so I turned and dashed up the gangway, barely reaching the deck when the whistle sounded for the plank to be taken away.

Looking back at the receding outline of the English coast, I noticed that black storm clouds were gathering and gradually hiding the white cliffs from view. I experienced a strange foreboding and walked to the foredeck to look toward the West.

Home . . . ! To a young man who has traveled extensively in his younger years, I guess "home" means a place to come back to, to be thankful for, and then to use as a place of waiting for further adventures. At least, I'll admit it was more or less that way with me.

It was grand to see my mother and father again . . .

to rediscover my old friends . . . very satisfying to find that my tennis matches in England had won a new place for me in the California tournaments. But as the months went by I found myself longing to be on the move again.

It seemed that my wish was to be gratified for in September, 1939, I had the great privilege of playing tennis with Miss Elizabeth Ryan, former holder of nineteen Wimbledon titles and one of the greatest women tennis stars of all time.

Miss Ryan expressed an admiration for my playing and, to my surprise and somewhat to my amusement, she told me that she was on her way to Honolulu and would like to have me go with her. She smiled when she noticed the look on my face at this announcement.

"Don't be alarmed," she said. "I mean I would like to have you go with me to assist me in teaching tennis at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu."

I was too overcome to answer her immediately. I visualized living at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel . . . having the honor of working with this wonderful lady and brilliant tennis player . . . listening to soft voiced Hawaiian girls singing against the crash of breakers on Waikiki Beach . . . watching great round moons peering through banyan trees . . . swinging my tennis racket with the same fervor the young Greek athletes in ancient days found in throwing the discus. Yes, life was very romantic to me at that time! I am not much older now, but somehow I feel that I have aged many years since my experience in Hong Kong.

My reply to Miss Ryan was brief and to the point:

"I shall be very happy to accompany you, Miss Ryan. When do we leave?"

"So steady in your tennis playing," she replied with a smile, "and so impetuous in your decisions. Suppose you think it over and let me know tomorrow after you talk with your parents."

Dad and mother were always wonderful sports. If I wanted to go, I should go. I think they had but one desire — my welfare and happiness. The next morning I certainly had not changed my mind!

My experience in Hawaii is another story. In this book I have but one vital, significant narrative to relate. Suffice it to say, therefore, that my work in Hawaii and my association with Miss Ryan remain among the happiest memories of my life. Probably I would have stayed on and would have been there when the Pearl Harbor episode took place were it not for my friend Choy.

It was an air mail letter received from him at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel that brought me back to Berkeley. He told me in this letter that due to the heavy bombings in London and throughout England, he had thought it advisable to return to China via America. He expected to be in San Francisco in about a month. Could I join him there?

Strange is the pull of friendship. As much as I enjoyed living in Honolulu, there was a stronger desire to see Choy. I left Honolulu on the next steamer bound for San Francisco.

Not long after my return to San Francisco, Choy arrived and took up his quarters at one of the smaller

hotels. He telephoned to me at my home in Berkeley, and I hastily packed a bag. When we met, Choy and I greeted each other warmly. I engaged a room at the same hotel and there we remained for several months.

It was in those months that I developed an ambition to assist the Chinese people. Choy, during many evenings of talk, told me of the great sufferings of his people in their valiant fight with Japan.

I recall vividly one evening when Choy was in an exceptional mood.

"You see, Phillip," he said, "I do not like to seem unduly biased in favor of my countrymen . . . but having studied and traveled, I look at them, I think, with a clear perspective. They are essentially a simple, peace-loving people. They have a deep dread of war and conflict. It is only when they are driven to the wall that they will fight. That is the case with them now. They are fighting of their very existence — and only those who have been there and have seen their suffering will realize how bravely they are resisting an enemy whose power is far superior to theirs."

"China for many years has been a rather nebulous place to us Americans," I told him. "Through their mode of life they have seemed far away and indistinct, but now, I think, we are gaining a greater appreciation of Chinese character."

"I want to see China a great industrial country," Choy went on, "an economic factor in this world, but not a warlike one. That is my ambition — to do what little I can to bring this about."

Choy had told me often that he had devoted his time in England and America to learning modern methods of manufacture and of the carrying on of commerce. I was sure that some day he would be looked upon as a great leader among his people.

"What is the principal thing that China needs at this time?" I asked.

"Money to feed the starving populace," he answered promptly. "It is hard for you Americans to realize the suffering of the poor Chinese . . . most of them living on a few kernels of rice a day, their minds and bodies being undermined. All thoughts of the future China must be put aside at this time and every effort made to keep our great nation from being weakened through starvation!"

There was a deep, burning light in Choy's eyes as he spoke. Somehow his words cut very deeply.

"I wish there might be something I could do," I remarked.

"There is," he answered.

My surprise at this statement must have been very apparent.

"I?" I demanded. "What could I do? I have no money."

"I hesitate to mention this," he went on, "because possibly I have no right to suggest such a dangerous task to you. But I have long had in mind that you and I could raise a great deal of money for the poor in China by touring the Orient and playing tennis matches with some of the champions over there."

"Splendid!" I exclaimed. In an instant my mind had

grasped his suggestion, and my adventurous spirit came to the fore with a rush. This enthusiasm, however, died quickly.

"I am subject to the draft," I told him. "Thought some of enlisting in the army. Do you suppose I could get permission to go to China, then come back and sign up?"

Choy smiled. "Your reaction was as I expected. You have given little thought to the possibility of war between Japan and the United States. To be caught in China under such circumstance would be exceedingly hazardous. I have no right to ask you to undertake such a mission, worthwhile as I believe it would be."

I ignored his remarks. "Tomorrow morning I shall go to my draft board and find out what I can do," I told him, firmly.

"I anticipated your enthusiasm long ago," he said, as he looked at me with deep admiration. "While in New York, I took up the matter with Mr. Garside, Vice-Chairman of the United China Relief. I have his sanction and promise of cooperation, if we should undertake this tour. That was one reason I wanted to meet you here in San Francisco. Selfish of me, no doubt, to take you from your wonderful life in Honolulu . . . but always the faces of those emaciated children of China appear before my eyes. I see them at night . . . with their hands outstretched in pleading. They want to live, too . . ."

The Chinese are inscrutable people. For the first time I saw tears gathering in the eyes of my friend.

* * *

I was on hand at my draft board as soon as it opened the following morning. There I talked to Mr. R. S. Riley, Secretary of the Board, and explained to him my desire to go to China with Mr. Choy for six months to raise money to help the poor in China.

I found Mr. Riley a very sympathetic individual.

"I only wish I could be of assistance to you, Mr. Harman," he said, "but unfortunately your draft number is coming up. It will be impossible for you to leave the country."

This was a keen disappointment. I had become imbued with the idea that by helping the Chinese through raising money for their poor, I would indirectly be doing a great deal for the war effort on behalf of my own country. I knew that I had put off enlisting because I had feared that I would be turned down by the physical examiner on account of defective eyesight. Now was the time to make sure. If I were rejected, it might be possible for me to obtain permission to leave the country.

I explained this to Mr. Riley. He readily consented to my taking my physical examination at once.

My fears in regard to my eyesight proved to be correct. I was rejected by the doctor, who told me that I would be classified as 1-B.

I hurried back to Mr. Riley, and he promptly gave me a slip permitting me to leave the country for a period of six months. Then I rushed to a telephone and called up Choy.

"Before making a definite decision, please confer

with your mother," he said. "I shall feel better if you have her consent."

That evening I corralled ma in a back room and told her of my desire to go to the Orient with Choy. I knew that my father would consent if my mother did; he had implicit faith in my mother's judgment.

Ma studied me for a long moment after the enthusiastic explanation of my plans.

"You are aware, son, of the uncertain relations between our country and Japan?"

"Of course," I told her, "but now everyone has to face dangers and try to do something to help humanity."

"Quite true, my boy," she agreed. "It is hard for us Americans who have lived peaceful, industrious lives for so many years, to realize that we must become a warlike nation. Parents will have to readjust their psychology in regard to their sons, and their daughters, too, for that matter. It is necessary now to look upon our children as instruments for the preservation of our great democracy. If you can save even one life through your efforts with Mr. Choy, the mission is worthwhile! You have my permission."

Ordinarily, we are not a very demonstrative family, but I am not ashamed to say that I gave ma a fierce hug and then rushed away to return to San Francisco to confer with Choy.

* * *

CHAPTER II

Choy and I sailed on the *S. S. President Madison* a few days later. This was a former Dollar Line ship. When the vessel got underway, I was surprised to discover that I was the only American passenger on board.

Another surprise was the fact that there were over two hundred Chinese on board the vessel. I made inquiry to discover why so many Chinese were leaving for their war-devastated country and learned that President Arias of Panama, a pro-Nazi, had decreed that all the Chinese in Panama should be deported.

All of the Chinese men and women aboard the ship seemed to be amply supplied with money. I found that they carried with them their savings from years of toil, profits derived from long industry in small businesses or through hard labor. It would be natural to assume that this wealth would be carefully conserved. This was not the case, however. On the very first night out the Chinese, occupying the best accommodations on the ship, started to gamble. Games of fan-tan, poker and dice took place in the smoking room and staterooms.

I wandered from one room to another, intensely interested in this sidelight on Chinese character. It seemed that the Chinese were born with a passion for games of chance. To my amazement I witnessed some of the participants in the games losing their entire fortunes in one night of gambling!

When I expressed my surprise to Choy that his countrymen could so blithely toss away their life savings, he smiled and explained:

"My people have gambled with life for centuries . . . they have wagered on whether or not they could survive against the tremendous difficulties of making a living in China. In a way, it was a matter of making a bet with God, whether they would harvest good crops or lose them in floods . . . whether bandits or war lords would swoop down and rob them of all their possessions. Life itself, you see, is a gamble to the Chinese. We are a fatalistic people."

I nodded in understanding. Choy gave a little laugh.

"And now," he said, "I shall proceed to the smoking room and follow out Chinese precepts."

"You mean you are going to get into one of the games?" I demanded.

"Certainly," he replied. "Won't you join me?"

I hesitated for a moment. "I'm a little lamb when it comes to gambling," I told him. "I'd rather retain my woolen coat for the cold weather ahead."

I accompanied Choy to watch him play. He entered a poker game with four inscrutable Chinese, who from their appearance had been prosperous merchants in Panama. I had heard about "poker-faces," and now I was to discover just what that meant. There was not a quiver of emotion on the face of any of the players. This applied also to those who lost large sums of money on the flip of a card. Somehow my deep admiration for the Chinese was increased rather than lessened.

Choy proved to be as brilliant in gambling as he was in other things. He left the table at an early hour of the morning with winnings amounting to over two hundred dollars.

The days passed swiftly for me. Standing at the railing and gazing off into the vast spaces before me offered a deep satisfaction and a sense of oneness with Nature. Even the strife throughout the world seemed to dwindle into insignificance while I gazed into the brilliant starlit heavens and dwelt upon the immensity of the universe.

Choy showed no inclination to allow gambling to take hold of him as it did with most of the other Chinese. The majority of them gambled day and night throughout the entire journey. I had many opportunities for long discussion with him, generally in the evenings when we sat in deck chairs and stared out to sea. It always seemed to be the right time and the proper environment to philosophize and to get a little deeper into the nature of things.

I recall especially one night when we were discussing the future of the world.

"I'm sure," Choy said, "that the Allies will win this war. It may be after years of struggle, but there is little doubt as to the outcome. What concerns me more is what is to be done *after* the war."

"The consensus of opinion seems to be that the Germans should be so beaten that they can never again construct a machine to menace the world," I said.

Choy nodded. "Which would work out successfully, maybe for many years, to prevent them from starting

further wars. But in time those among our peoples who are greedy and desirous of gain would manage somehow to supply Germany, or any other nation, with the means of rearmament. No, I do not see in that a permanent solution."

"What do you think would be a lasting answer to the problem?" I asked. "Surely the common people of the earth do not want wars. They are always the ones who pay the highest price in blood and tears."

Choy smiled. "My ideas would probably be considered fantastic or at least ultra-idealistic. I think that all of the tremendous resources that are poured into implements of destruction should be thrown into a world-wide program of education."

"You mean to give to the peoples of the world a greater knowledge of science, philosophy and the like?" I queried.

"Not so much that," he replied, "as a knowledge that there is no positive, constructive force in life other than that based on love and unselfishness. Has anything worthwhile or beneficial to humanity come from conflict and disharmony?"

I shook my head. "No, I guess not."

"Hatred and conflict," continued Choy, "are not the underlying, motivating forces in man's soul. Such evil tendencies are brought about through fear or through mental mis-direction under the influence of strong wills. Really, it is due to a desire for peace and for a life without fear of starvation or suffering that men fight. They think that through destruction they can eliminate any

possible future disruption of their lives. Fundamentally, then, mankind is peace-loving. If they can be shown a way so that they need never fear in regard to their chances of survival, they will have no incentive for wars."

"I see your point and quite agree," I told him. "But do you think it is possible that such views could ever be instilled into the minds of the Japanese people? I have always personally felt that they have primitive, animalistic attributes that would preclude the possibility of instillation of idealism." (Little did I know then how these attributes of the Japanese people would be manifested against me personally!)

"Quite right," agreed Choy. "Undoubtedly it would take several generations to bring this about. It would be like developing a new race of people."

I was slightly amused at noticing the glint in Choy's eyes as he spoke. As much as he envisioned an idealistic world based on love and unselfishness, his deep hatred for anything Japanese was quite apparent.

* * *

After six days at sea we arrived in Honolulu. We were allowed ten hours shore leave, and I rushed over to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel only to be deeply disappointed to find that Miss Ryan was away for a few days. However, I renewed old friendships and made preparations for the first tennis match to be played on behalf of the United China Relief.

The match took place at noon at the Beratania Club. We opened by my playing against Henry Kamakana,

tennis champion of the Hawaiian Islands. I had feared that through lack of practice for several weeks I should be out of form, but I won against him, 6-2.

Choy then played Mr. Bo Ming-yee, Chinese, and former tennis champion of Honolulu. To my delight Choy won 7-5, 6-4.

The crowd at the courts was not large, but because most of the onlookers were very wealthy, the receipts from the matches amounted to a considerable sum of money for the United China Relief.

When we were several days out of Honolulu on our way to Hong Kong, I awoke one morning to find the sun was on the wrong side of the ship. Instead of sailing for the Orient we were returning to the Islands!

It was late in the afternoon before we were advised that President Roosevelt had ordered all merchant ships in the Pacific to return to home ports. This knowledge gave us all a certain uneasiness, a feeling that war in the Pacific was imminent.

When we arrived in Honolulu, I was met at the ship by some of my friends from the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. They had learned of President Roosevelt's order and had ganged up on me to advise me not to go to the Orient. Choy stood beside me listening silently to the admonitions of my friends. When they had gone, he turned to me.

"I think their advice is very good, Phillip," he said. "You should stay here and return to America on the next ship."

I shook my head. "Choy," I told him, "I agreed to go

with you and play these tennis matches on behalf of the United China Relief. I have no intention of backing out under any circumstances."

Choy placed a hand on my shoulder. "I'm glad," he said simply. "Somewhat fearful — but glad."

That night we were again allowed to proceed. However, after ten or twelve days out I again discovered that we were headed in the wrong direction. We were proceeding south instead of north to Shanghai!

At dinner that night Captain Nielsen, the young commander of the *President Madison*, arose and informed all of us that it would be necessary to proceed to China via the Solomons, New Guinea, the Celebes and the Philippine Islands. He made no further explanation. The Chinese passengers continued their meals in stoical silence.

As usual, my curiosity got the better of me, so I made discreet inquiries among members of the crew and learned that the *President Madison* was carrying several millions of dollars worth of armaments to be delivered to Malaya, the Philippines and China. The strained conditions between America and Japan had necessitated this precaution of taking a roundabout course to the Orient.

We arrived at the peaceful Solomon Islands. As I gazed at the tropical splendor which lay before me, little did I dream that within a few months to come the hairy hand of war would take this idealistic place in its clutches and squeeze it until the blood of the inhabitants reddened the soil.

Port Moresby . . . a pilot coming board to guide us

through the Torres Straits . . . a glimpse of Cape York, tip of Australia . . . Thursday Island, with all its historic significance . . . the pilot bidding us adieu . . . letters mailed home . . . what a thrill for my parents to get cards postmarked "Thursday Island" . . . then on to the Celebes.

As we made our circuitous way between the Celebes Islands, I saw one morning some Japanese fishing boats. They passed near our ship. The occupants of these boats stared up at us as we stood at the railing. They made no attempt to answer the greetings flung at them by the white members of the crew. I was interested in watching the faces of the Chinese who looked down upon their enemy. How the Japanese must have hated to have their Chinese opponents looking down upon them! To them that would be "losing face" as they say in the Orient when one is put in a position that he considers shameful.

I found myself staring at blank, silent Chinese faces; yet in that silence there was a terrific undercurrent, an occult force that came to me and made me give a little inward shudder. It was weird. Somehow I felt that suddenly I had been plunged into an abyss from which millions of staring eyes appeared before me in the darkness.

Later I realized that probably these Japanese fishing boats were intent on some errand having to do with the forthcoming dastardly and treacherous assault on Pearl Harbor!

We arrived at Kowloon finally. Kowloon is across the bay from the Island of Hong Kong. From there I caught

my first glimpse of that ancient Chinese city. I experienced a little disappointment, always having visualized Hong Kong as being a very mysterious place with hill-side monasteries, quaint Chinese buildings, and a mystic aura surrounding it. Instead I found that it seemed to be quite like a typical American city with huge buildings outlined against the sky.

Leaving the ship, I experienced my first ride in a rickshaw. I experienced a peculiar sensation when I looked down on the glistening back of the coolie and watched his slender muscles flexing as he pulled me along. I'll admit I felt a little ashamed. There was something that went against the grain, watching a fellow man pulling me around the streets!

A ferry was awaiting us at the docks. We went aboard and headed towards the island of Hong Kong. As we neared the shore, I commenced to get more of the real flavor of China . . . thousands of sampans floating past us with their human cargoes . . . entire families living on these picturesque small boats throughout their entire lives . . . numerous children gazing up at us wide-eyed, with the peculiar fixed stare which seems to be an attribute of the youngsters of China.

There was little time for sight-seeing, however. Lost in the confusion and the noise and the strangeness of it all, I vaguely remember landing at the docks and meeting Choy's family and being greeted by a number of distinguished looking Chinese men after which we were driven rapidly away in a large limousine.

We were taken to the Gloucester Hotel, which was

much like a first-rate hotel in London. The only difference seemed to be in the numerous Chinese attendants and a certain Oriental trend in the furnishings.

To my surprise when we entered the lobby, we were surrounded by reporters and members of a welcoming committee. The reporters pounced on me and started asking questions about my tennis career in America.

I told them that I had played against some of the American champions, such as Don Budge, probably the world's greatest tennis player, Mr. Bobby Riggs, the National Tennis Champion, Frankie Kovacs, the American "Clown" Prince of Tennis, Alice Marble, Helen Jacobs, Wayne Sabin, Elwood Cook, Welby Van Horn and others. I explained also that I was formerly winner in a number of Junior Tennis Championship matches in the United States.

I informed them that I had learned my tennis from Mr. George Hudson of Berkeley, California. Mr. Hudson is regarded as the leading tennis teacher in America and has developed more tennis champions than any other tennis professional.

In answer to the queries about my European tennis matches I told them that I had played against various European Davis Tennis Cup stars, such as Baron Von Cramm, Bunny Austin, R. Menzel and others.

Choy and I finally got away from the reception committee and, after bathing and resting, hurried out to the Kowloon Tong Club to practice for the coming matches in Hong Kong.

During the following days I found myself thrown into

a succession of social functions and realized more and more the wonderful hospitality of the Chinese people. One evening a banquet was given by Mr. Y. B. Lin, the famous Chinese philanthropist. Many of the leading citizens of the city attended. It was at this dinner that I met Mr. Wu Mun-fu, the multi-millionaire owner of "Tiger Balm," the celebrated salve that was supposed to cure anything! Throughout China, one will see thousands of advertisements of this salve; probably every Chinese family has a jar of it in the home. It sells for the equivalent of two and one-half cents in American money. I often wondered whether the alleged miraculous cures attributed to it were not mainly due to implicit faith in the medicine . . . in other words, "mind over medicine." At any rate, Mr. Wu Mun-fu made enough money out of it to be able to give millions of dollars to the Chinese Government and to China Relief. Naturally his was one of the leading names on the Japanese black-list.

Mr. Wu Mun-fu could never get away from the notoriety of his "Tiger Balm" because even his son had been nicknamed "Little Tiger." I later made "Little Tiger's" acquaintance and we became good friends. He would often laugh good-humoredly when I kidded him about his nickname.

We were entertained also by Colonel Huang Tze-shiu, a very famous man who led the first escape from Hong Kong. Colonel Huang is now in America.

The first week in Hong Kong I had the pleasure of meeting General Hsu Sung-chi, formerly in command of the garrison in Canton and at one time General Chiang

Kai-shek's superior officer. General Hsu had been retired in Hong Kong for many years. His main diversion was playing tennis. He was a man of small stature, did not speak any English, and was considered one of China's greatest generals. He was a fanatic about tennis and played the game several hours a day, every day of the week.

At my first meeting with the General, he almost knelt and kissed my feet because he was so delighted to meet an American champion. He spoke to me through an interpreter. He was also profuse in his thanks to me for coming to China on behalf of the United China Relief. We arranged a match for the following day. I found him a splendid player and, despite his fifty-seven years, the equal of some of the outstanding American amateurs.

Although I won every game against him, the General invited Choy and me to a banquet at the Lido Restaurant at Repulse Bay, probably one of the most beautiful spots in the world and one of the first objectives of the Japanese when they invaded Hong Kong. Attending this festivity were about one hundred leading Chinese business men and officials. At one end of the great room were three huge flags — Chinese, American and British. General Hsu arose and gave a very flattering speech about Choy and me. He expressed appreciation for our coming to China to raise money for the Chinese poor, especially during such precarious times.

Choy was then called upon for a few words. While he was talking, I knew that I would undoubtedly have to

get up and make a speech also. This would be the first time in my life that I was faced with the prospect of addressing a large audience. Hot and cold chills played tag inside of me. I think I must have rearranged my silverware (for we were not called upon to use chopsticks!) a dozen times while trying to collect my thoughts. I prayed that something would happen to prevent my having to talk — I would almost have welcomed a black-out!

But no soap! When Choy seated himself I heard General Hsu introducing me in flattering terms, describing me as a much greater tennis champion than I ever had been.

It was a good thing that my knees were not visible! I had heard about people who suffered from stage-fright having wobbly knees . . . and now I knew what that meant.

To my surprise I found myself actually uttering words! I do not know exactly what I said, but it was something about thanking everybody in general and predicting that a showdown would have to come between America and Japan some day, so maybe the sooner the better. I gained a little courage when this met with applause. Then I did some more thanking and sat down, deciding that from then on I would do my exhibition stuff on the tennis courts!

* * *

CHAPTER III

On November 22 we played our first tennis matches in Hong Kong at the Chinese Recreation Club at Happy Valley.

I was a little dismayed to find that the courts were of grass and not of cement. I had played a few matches in London on grass courts, but my experience practically always had been on cement courts. To play on grass courts presented a handicap.

While awaiting the time to enter the first match, I took in my surroundings with keen interest. A huge pavilion, shaped like a horseshoe, bordered the courts. An immense crowd had congregated to witness the tournament, mostly Chinese, but with a goodly sprinkling of Americans and Britishers. Numerous American, British and Chinese flags fluttered in the hot breeze.

I was aware of one difference in the crowd as compared with those attending American games. There was very little noise and confusion; an almost sedate atmosphere pervaded the place. While loosening up my service arm, I felt in a way that I was living in a dream. It was like being in another world . . . listening to people talking in a language that had little or no meaning for me . . . gazing into countless faces so different in shape and coloring from the physiognomies of my own countrymen . . . and being confronted with such drastic

changes in habit of living.

I opened the game by playing against Mr. Tao, who was formerly the leading tennis champion of Shanghai.

Almost at once I realized that I was faced with an excellent player and, of course, one used to grass courts. I sized up Mr. Tao almost at once (or at least I thought I did) and decided to play with more than usual aggressiveness.

I started off with real cannon-ball service, which, as I anticipated proved very effective. But it was not long before I realized that Tao had it on me when it came to placements and in calculating the rebounds on the grass court. A great deal of the time he remained on the defensive, but his retrieving powers were superb, and the doggedness with which he pursued my shots caused me considerable concern. He was undoubtedly inferior when it came to backhand and retrieving, but in spite of this Tao beat me, 6-1.

In a way, it was good that the "home team" should win the first match, but when Tao came back and beat me the second time, I was somewhat irritated. Desiring so much to prove that American efficiency and skill were of a superior type, I felt that I had "lost face." Already I was getting used to that Oriental characteristic of always endeavoring to maintain one's dignity under all circumstances.

The next match was played between Choy and Mr. Tsui Yui-pui, one of the leading tennis players of Hong Kong. Tsui won the first set, 6-1, but Choy came back strongly to win the second set, 6-2, and then with a ter-

rific burst of speed and power, he won the third set, 8-6. I felt better. Choy had upheld the standing of our side; if he too had lost, the tournament would have started in a rather discouraging manner.

The next match was a doubles encounter between Choy and me and the Runjun Brothers, who were part Chinese and part Indian. They had won the doubles championships in Hong Kong for the past fifteen years and were considered almost unbeatable.

I was getting a little more used to the grass courts now and gave a much better account of myself. Choy and I won the first set, 6-4, and lost the second set, 6-4, which concluded the matches for the day.

That night I set my alarm clock for six in the morning, determined to get out on the courts early the following day and to do some real practicing. Choy had the room adjoining mine. He was not aware of my plan. It was my intention to awaken him and make him go out with me for the practice work.

However, when I knocked at Choy's door the next morning, there was no answer. I opened the door and looked in. Choy was not there. Later I discovered that he had stayed the night with some members of his family on the other side of the island.

Disgruntled, I decided to go to the courts anyway in the hope that there would be some early riser who would consent to enter into a practice game with me.

To my gratification on reaching the courts, I saw a girl playing a match with a very handsome young man. I seated myself, determined to ask one of them to play

with me when they had finished.

At first I paid little attention to the girl, aside from noting that she was blonde, tall and unusually graceful. But soon I found myself staring at her with keen interest. There was something almost poetic in her movements. She was not a brilliant tennis player by any means, but she most certainly gave the game a rhythm and a grace that I had seldom seen before. I was a little irritated at my undue interest in her. I had determined to make a career for myself before thinking of love and marriage.

When they had finished the match, they came over to one of the benches on the sidelines and sat down. Summoning my courage, I went over to them. I was quite sure they were White Russians and hoped they spoke English.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I am Phillip Harman, visiting here from America and playing a few matches on behalf of the United China Relief."

They both looked at me with interest, then the girl spoke with perfect English accent.

"A pleasure, Mr. Harman. I am Nana Petrovich. This is my brother, Alexi. We saw your matches yesterday. You were splendid."

My surmise had been correct. They were White Russians.

The young man arose, bowed and took my hand. He was extremely handsome.

"I was hoping that one of you might play a practice match with me," I explained. "The grass courts are a

little difficult for me. I hope to make a better showing this afternoon if I can get a little more used to them."

"I'm so sorry," said Mr. Petrovich, "but I have to run. Maybe Nana here . . . ?" He looked at his sister.

She smiled at me. "It would be an honor," she replied, "but I warn you that I am a poor match for your skill!"

"Not from what I witnessed," I told her gallantly.

Her brother waved good-bye and left. Miss Petrovich and I went over to the courts. I took the side facing the sun, which was now shining in the most dazzling manner slightly above the top of the Peak where the wealthy people of Hong Kong resided.

I realized that it was a bad time for a practice game. The sun almost blinded me. However, I signalled to Miss Petrovich to serve.

She straightened for the drive. An instant later came the slight sound of her racket contacting the ball. The next thing I experienced was a terrific pain in my head accompanied by a blinding red flash before my eyes.

After that I recall fumbling at a big bump on my head, looking around at a great expanse of green sod almost directly in line with my nose, and gazing up into the large troubled blue eyes which were centered on mine. I heard a melodious voice speaking to me:

"Are you all right now? Oh, I'm so terribly sorry!"

My mind cleared a bit. I studied the face that now took shape around the eyes that were staring at me. In spite of the pain in my head I experienced a great wave of emotion. Never had I seen a more beautiful face,

perfectly formed . . . a forehead broad, but not too broad . . . a nose that could have been modeled from that of some ancient Goddess . . . a mouth that had a tremulous, tender curve . . . and all of this beauty surrounded by a mass of wavy, light brown hair.

I am one one of the most bashful men extant when it comes to women, but for some reason or other I found myself exclaiming:

“Why, you’re beautiful!”

The mouth smiled at me.

“You’re all right . . . I can see that,” said Miss Petrovich. “But I feel like a criminal.”

I stood up, somewhat dizzy and with a terrific headache, but in spite of that, strangely happy. I had always held a youthful, romantic idea that when the time came I should meet a girl I could fall in love with immediately — and here she was! Or was I slap-happy from the blow I had received?

Miss Petrovich offered to drive me back to the hotel in her car. During the first part of the journey she kept repeating words of contrition for the accident. She must have thought me very stupid, because about all I did was to sit and stare at her, trying not to make it too evident that I was enthralled. Even when my head cleared, I felt the same. She represented all I had ever dreamed about in a woman!

“Are you looking at me accusingly . . . or should I be flattered?” she asked at last, as she made a quick maneuver to avoid hitting a Chinese child who had taken up a position in the center of the road and refused to budge

even in the face of the oncoming car.

"I didn't mean to be rude," I told her. "But you see, I never met a girl like you in America. You're different, somehow."

"I'm Russian," she replied, smiling. "Maybe my slight accent intrigues you?"

"I don't think nationality or accents make much difference in personalities," I answered. "There's something inside of people that makes them what they are — if you understand what I mean?"

"I liked you right away," she told me with charming frankness. "I feel that I have known you for a long, long time."

From then until we reached the hotel, we talked of our respective backgrounds. I gave her a short resume of my career. I learned that her father was in partnership with a wealthy Chinese exporter, that her mother was dead, and that her brother Alexi worked in her father's business. She had attended a finishing school in London.

When she dropped me at my hotel, it was with the promise that she would dine with me the following evening. Somehow we both knew that we were to mean a great deal to each other, although then neither of us dreamed of the harrowing experiences we were soon to undergo.

* * *

Due to a heavy wind with icy sleet, the tennis matches were postponed on the following day. In a way I was glad as I wanted to do a lot of "mooning" about Nana.

I had slept fitfully throughout the night, because my mind was filled with thoughts of her. Her eyes seemed to be looking at me in the dark. It was very evident that I had fallen in love with her — although my practical mind warned me that it hardly made sense to fall in love so spontaneously! But somehow, I had always wanted it that way and held an idealistic belief that unless there is a tremendous magnetic pull between a man and a woman immediately, there can never be any great love thereafter through continued association. In my case I was right, for Nana still possesses my heart although I have no idea where she is now nor whether she is still alive!

That evening we had dinner at the Lido Restaurant, one of the most beautiful dining places in the world. I told her, not so adeptly I admit, that I was in love with her. She did not seem at all surprised.

"I'm a believer in reincarnation," she informed me after my declaration of love. "I knew that you were my mate almost as soon as I saw you. Such beliefs probably mean much more to us in the Orient than to you practical Americans. No doubt, I would be considered a very silly person over there."

"I admit that I don't know much about reincarnation," I answered. "But I do know that I see in you my ideal."

Nana turned from me and looked around the immense dining room. The orchestra was playing soft strains of music and the dim lighting gave the place an atmosphere befitting romance. When she turned back to me, I saw

that her face was sad and troubled.

"What's the matter?" I demanded.

"I was just thinking that it is too bad that nothing can come of our sudden attraction for each other."

"And why not?" I asked anxiously.

"Isn't it obvious?" she said. "You are an American . . . I am a White Russian — without a country. You are returning soon to your own land."

"Your being a Russian doesn't matter," I told her. "We'll forget that and consider one obstacle kicked aside. And you can return with me — as my wife, Nana. I love you and want to marry you."

This was the first time in my life I had ever said that to any girl. It was a little startling to hear myself talking that way. But I meant it!

"You are a romantic boy!" she exclaimed, with a little laugh. "But we won't talk about it any further this evening. Let's dance."

She proved to be a graceful dancer and it was late when we drove up in front of the Gloucester Hotel. Nana lived in Happy Valley, several miles from the city. She refused to allow me to take that long trip at night. She had motored in.

I tried to reopen the subject of our marriage and of her returning to America with me, but she refused almost obstinately to talk about it. She told me that there were too many things involved, and that we must have a long time to think it over. She intimated, however, that she would give me her answer before I left Hong Kong.

During the next few days Choy and I were again entertained lavishly by various Chinese people. Probably the most interesting of these were Mr. Eugene Poon, a very wealthy Chinese industrialist, and his famous wife, "Butterfly Wu," China's greatest actress. Butterfly Wu had toured Europe many times. She was a doll-like little lady with probably the most vibrant voice I have ever heard.

Another friend I made at that time was Mr. Chan Wai-hung. He was a man of about forty years. He was never without a big cigar in his mouth. A dealer in stocks and bonds and the head of a large importing and exporting business, he was considered one of the best business-men in Hong Kong.

Mr. Chan invited me to go to Macao with him on the following Sunday, December 7. I was very anxious to see Macao, as I had heard a great deal about it. A Portuguese colony which had been taken from China in 1900 during the Boxer Rebellion, Macao was known as the Monte Carlo of the Far East. It had numerous luxurious gambling halls, as well as some of the lowest and most vicious dives in the world.

No doubt, I would have had a very different story to tell, had I accompanied Mr. Chan to Macao on that fateful Sunday! As it was, however, on Saturday night I attended a party at the Peninsula Hotel in Kowloon with Nana, her brother Alexi and Choy.

During the evening, Mr. T. B. Wilson, then manager of the American President Lines in Hong Kong, and now in Rio de Janeiro for the War Shipping Board, auc-

tioned off my tennis racket. He acted as Master of Ceremonies and told the crowd that the racket was the one I used in my matches on behalf of the United China Relief. He had informed me previously that he felt that by auctioning off the racket, he could raise a large sum of money for the cause. He was quite right, for the racket was bid in finally by Mr. J. H. Marsman, who later made a sensational escape from Hong Kong after the Japanese invasion, and who recently wrote a book of his experiences. Mr. Marsman bought the racket for one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

We had some excitement later that evening when Mr. Wilson got up on a chair and called for the attention of the crowd. When the hall was silent, he said, rather solemnly:

“All Army and Navy personnel are required to report to their commanding officers immediately for active duty!”

Nana and I had been dancing, and she was standing close to me. We looked at each other.

“It must mean that the Japanese have come at last!” she exclaimed, her face turning quite pale. She had previously explained to me that her father’s connection with the Chinese would put them in a bad light, should the Japanese conquer China.

“Just a moment. I’ll find out what it means,” I told her. I sought out Mr. Wilson. He explained that he knew nothing of the reason for the return of the Army and Navy personnel, that such instructions had reached him by telephone. However, he was sure there was

nothing to worry about. After I left him, he again mounted his chair and suggested that the dancing go on.

I nodded reassuringly to Nana and once again we found happiness in dancing with each other.

The following morning I was too tired to attempt the trip to Macao and extended my apologies over the telephone to Mr. Chan Wai-hung.

In the afternoon I felt much better and played tennis with General Hsu at his private tennis court at Kowloon. We played an even-up game. The general was in very good spirits when we retired to his recreation house for refreshments.

"I have some news for you, Mr. Harman," he said. "You will soon have the opportunity of giving exhibition matches for General and Madame Chiang Kai-shek."

This came as a big surprise. General Chiang Kai-shek was far away in Free China! I had hardly expected to have such an honor thrust upon me!

The general smiled when he saw the look on my face. "I have it all arranged for late January," he explained. "I am taking you and Mr. Choy by plane to Chungking at that time. I hope you will make your plans accordingly."

"You may depend upon it!" I told him enthusiastically. I envisioned Choy's face when I informed him of this bit of news!

But we were not fated to play tennis before General and Madame Chang Kai-shek, and I am sure from what occurred thereafter, that General Chiang Kai-shek had no time to witness tennis matches!

The following morning, Monday, December 8 (this was December 7 in America, due to the difference in time on account of the International date line), I was awakened from a sound sleep by a series of heavy thuds. The floor of the hotel trembled under the concussions.

I threw on a bathrobe and hurried to the door of Choy's room. Choy was not there. The heavy thuds continued. Rushing out of the room and down the stairs, I met Choy mounting the steps two at a time.

"What is it?" I demanded, as he stopped. He mopped his perspiring brow and answered quickly:

"The Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor and are now attacking Hong Kong!"

"So it has come!" I exclaimed.

"One of the bombs hit the China Clipper," went on Choy. For the first time I had ever noticed, he was terribly upset and excited. "The plane was destroyed, but fortunately the passengers were in the waiting room."

As we talked, people rushed past us, some in the semi-nude. Men and women raced up and down the stairs, their faces strained and terrified. One elderly British woman stood on the landing near us and stared down into the lobby which was now filled with guests, all of whom were in a state of confusion. The woman kept muttering:

"Why didn't I leave? Oh, why didn't I leave?"

We paused to listen and finally I went over to her and said soothingly:

"I think you had better return to your room, Madame.

Hong Kong is well protected and will be able to drive them off."

She looked at me dazedly, then turned and went back upstairs.

"You surely did not mean what you said to her?" demanded Choy, when I returned to his side.

"It is well known that Hong Kong is well protected and practically impregnable," I answered.

He gave a harsh laugh. "Hong Kong has approximately nine thousand soldiers — English, Indian and some Canadian troops which arrived only recently from Vancouver. This does not count the Volunteer Corps. There are several obsolete anti-aircraft guns and three air-raid shelters. It is reported that the Japanese have fifty thousand soldiers ready to march against the city! And Lord knows how many airplanes and bombers!"

I excused myself to Choy and raced downstairs to the lobby. Nana! Was she safe? As I have said, her home was in Happy Valley on the main road leading from Stanley, a village on the other side of the island. What had happened out there?

With sinking heart I picked up a telephone. The line was still open, but it took me a long time to get a connection. When I finally accomplished this, Nana's voice came to me over the wire.

"Are you all right, Nana?" I demanded without preliminaries.

"Thank heaven you called!" she answered. "Yes, we are all right so far. But we hear that the Japanese may try to enter the city from this side of the island, which

will place us in great danger. Unless they are stopped soon, we plan to come into the city."

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked. "Shall I try to get out there?"

"No — please don't!" she replied quickly. "It is too dangerous. Take care of yourself and I will let you hear from me later."

"But," I objected, on the point of telling her that I could not stand it to be away from her in the midst of such terrible danger. Before I could do this, the telephone went dead and all my frantic attempts to re-establish the connection were futile.

With heavy heart I turned away. I did not know what to do any more than did the others in the lobby of the hotel. Both the British and Chinese managers of the place were hurrying around, doing their best to calm the excited guests.

The rumbling of bomb explosions continued with renewed intensity. I heard someone mention that the Japanese were endeavoring to take Kowloon to use it as a base for their attacks on Hong Kong Island. I hurried up to my room, remembering that I could obtain a splendid view of Kowloon and the mountains beyond.

When I stepped out onto my balcony I was met by a terrific explosion and was thrown back against the window casement. Overhead, a Japanese plane thundered off towards the mountain peaks. It had dropped a bomb which landed about a block from the hotel. The force of the concussion was so terrific that it reached as far as the Gloucester Hotel. My curiosity got the better of me

and I went to the railing of my balcony and looked down.

At the far end of the street I saw that the front of a two-story building had been completely shattered. I was horrified to see the bodies of a number of men, women and children on the pavement in front of the structure. One small child was crawling toward the gutter, leaving a long trail of blood in his wake.

I hurried back into my room and got my binoculars, then returned to the balcony and focused on the scene in front of the shattered building. The horror of what I saw sickened me . . . dismembered limbs . . . writhing bodies . . . bewildered Chinese police running here and there . . . the whole street splashed with blood.

As I was about to turn away, at least a dozen planes crossed the city above the hotel. Each one was letting loose bombs which whistled ferociously as they fell. I watched them, terrified, and listened to the explosions with a feeling that I had suddenly been tossed into some strange and fantastic world, million of miles from the earth. Nothing seemed real. Flames shot upward at various points. From the streets below came the shouts of men and the shrieks of women.

I leveled my glasses towards Kowloon across the harbor. The town was almost hidden from view by the dense smoke of fires which had started, no doubt caused by incendiary bombs dropped by the Japanese.

Above the peaks of the mountains beyond Kowloon came great formations of Japanese bombers. I stared at them in fascination. They looked like great innocent

gray birds. To think that they were in reality harbingers of death and destruction seemed unreal. Some of them let loose their bombs over Kowloon; others came on across the bay to attack Hong Kong.

During it all there were incessant puffs of smoke from different points on the hillsides on the outskirts of Kowloon. The Japanese had entered through a pass in the mountains and had taken up positions of great advantage where they could send their shells down upon the almost unprotected sea-port town.

Hundreds of sampans on the bay were scuttling for cover. I visualized the poor Chinese men, women and children on these little boats, dazed, bewildered, and wondering what to do and where to go to get away from the rain of death which fell about them.

The resistance to the invaders was pitiful. A few guns on both the Kowloon front and on the hillsides of Hong Kong Island answered the challenge of the attackers without any obvious result. Although I could not see, I was sure that over there in Kowloon the police and soldiers, badly outnumbered, were putting up a brave but futile fight to save the city.

While watching this scene, which could almost have been lifted from Dante's *Inferno*, I suddenly commenced to realize what it meant! A terrible weakness came over me; there was a burning sensation in the pit of my stomach. A flood of fear, akin to hysterical terror, rushed through me. I hurried back into my room and sat on the edge of the bed, shaking as if attacked by ague.

What could I do? Where could I go to escape what seemed to be almost certain death? Some of the bombs were exploding so near the hotel that it seemed inevitable that the walls would soon crash down and cut short my life.

I berated myself for being a coward and realized that the only way to face this was to get out and *do* something about it! Below were thousands of women and children to be helped. Someone had to do it!

I hurried out of the room and down the stairway, brushing past hysterical women and white-faced men. Reaching the lobby, I found a different scene. The lobby was crowded with guests as before, but an almost eerie silence had settled over the immense foyer. Everyone seemed to be listening . . . waiting. I brushed my hand across my eyes . . . were these white-faced people actual living human beings . . . or were they wraiths — disembodied spirits?

While wondering if the shock of it all had turned my mind, I was overjoyed when a hand touched my arm and I looked into the face of Nana's brother, Alexi Petrovich.

"You remember me?" he asked. "I'm Nana's brother."

"Of course," told him. "But when I 'phoned this morning, she said that you were all in Happy Valley."

"I came into the city to be of what help I can," he explained. "You see, I'm a member of the Volunteer Corps. Nana wanted me to see if you were safe."

"I'm all right," I told him, "but I've just discovered

that I am a coward! I've been sick with the shock of it all!"

He smiled with understanding. "We all feel the same," he answered.

"I must do something to forget myself," I told him. "How about my helping you . . . joining the Volunteer Corps?"

"You wouldn't need to join. Just come out and help."

"Let's go," I said. If there was anybody in the world before whom I didn't want to show the white feather it was Nana's brother.

"I'm engaged in a horrible task," he warned me. "I have a small truck outside and am going around picking up the wounded—taking them to relief stations."

I'll admit I experienced an inward shudder. The picture of that bleeding child dragging himself along the street stuck in my memory, and I doubt if I shall ever erase it!

We climbed into the light truck which stood at the curb outside, and drove down Peddar Street. With Oriental fatalism, swarms of Chinese still remained in the thoroughfare. On the whole they indicated no great fear; they merely seemed more tight-lipped and definitely in a state of confusion. None of them seemed to know exactly where to go or what to do.

After a moment Alexi Petrovich turned to me and spoke:

"Do you realize that if the Japanese enter the city and you are caught helping the Volunteers, you will no doubt be shot?"

I met his gaze. I felt that he was testing me. Maybe his sister had shown to him that she was in love with me.

"I don't know that I'm any more privileged than millions of other people fighting for the cause of democracy," I told him.

He started to speak again, but at that moment a Japanese plane flew in from over the Peak and swooped down scarcely more than a few hundred feet above the tops of the buildings. It suddenly opened fire with machine guns aimed at the people in the street.

It seemed that Alexi and I had the same thought at the same instant. We stopped the truck, jumped down and crawled underneath it. This move on our part was accomplished none too soon because I heard the windshield crash under the impact of a bullet.

From my position under the truck I could see the feet and legs of the pedestrians as they passed. A moment later these pedestrians were on the pavement and sidewalks, victims of the hail of death from the air. The bullets had found their marks, and dozens of men, women and children had been hit and were lying torn and bleeding.

The plane zoomed off, like a great black bird of ill-omen. Alexi and I crawled out from under the truck and commenced our ghastly task. We picked up the children first and rushed them to the nearest relief station. Then we hurried back for the women.

As we carried on our task of mercy, there was a background of gun-fire, the roar of flames and, overhead, a pall of smoke that started to come over the city from

some burning oil tanks near the docks. Amid this din and confusion, there came to our ears the constant cries of wounded people or the hoarse commands of the Chinese police.

I really have a much clearer picture now of what happened than when it occurred. At the time, it was too fantastic and confusing to impart any sense of reality. I, or anyone else for that matter, did not know exactly what was taking place. We sensed that the Japs were closing in on the city from every side. It was like being in a great trap with no possible avenue of escape.

However, shortly after dark, when Alexi and I had parked the truck and were taking time to munch some bread and cheese, and share a bottle of Chinese beer that we had taken from a store that had been evacuated, (we left some money on the counter!) a young Britisher walked out of the Pan American Airways office and came up to us.

"I'm Scarsdale," he said to me. "Maybe you remember I interviewed you for my paper when you arrived in Hong Kong?"

"I did recall him and told him so. (I am not giving his real name as he is still in the concentration camp at Stanley.)

"I saw you out here," he said, "and thought I'd better warn you. It is inevitable that the Japanese will take Kowloon very soon. It would be bad for you if they caught you entering into any activity that would seem to be detrimental to them."

"I know," I answered. "But tell us just what is hap-

pening. Or do you have any information?"

"The Japanese are maneuvering for two major attacks against Hong Kong," he replied. "They plan to enter the port of Stanley on the other side of the island and move along the highway that goes through Happy Valley—and after they capture Kowloon, they will, of course, bombard us from there and move troops and guns across by boat, rafts, sampans or whatever means they can use to get here."

I turned to Alexi. "Then Nana—your family—will be right in line with their movement along Blue Pool Road?"

He nodded. "Tomorrow I intend to see that they are all brought into the city," he said. "In fact, I have already arranged for some rooms in a store building over on Queen's Road. It's not far from here."

"Do you know the details about Pearl Harbor?" I asked Scarsdale. I was anxious to know to what extent the Japanese had moved against my own country.

"It was a dirty, treacherous attack," he answered vehemently. "With the Americans in a state of reassurance through the coming of peace envoys from Tokyo, they had not the slightest thought that such a dastardly thing could happen. I understand that the American fleet at Pearl Harbor was badly damaged and many people were killed. We have but few details thus far, naturally."

Scarsdale made inquiries of us as to the number of casualties. When all available information on both sides was exhausted, Alexi drove the truck back to the Glou-

cester Hotel and let me out. He informed me that he would probably not see me the next day as his first duty would be to move his family into the city.

"Although we are Russian," he explained, "there are reasons why we are in danger from the Japanese."

I remember what Nana had told me about her father.

I found Choy in his room when I went upstairs. After explaining what I had been doing, I asked him about his own movements.

"I dare not tell you in detail, Phillip," he answered. "All I can say is that I have been busy arranging for the departure by boat of some very prominent individuals. That the Japanese will eventually take over Hong Kong seems inevitable to me."

He paused and looked at my blood-stained suit.

"You look completely exhausted, Phillip," he said. "Don't you think it would be well if you bathed and made a change?"

It had not occurred to me what a bloody sight I presented!

I went to the bathroom, bathed and changed, then rejoined him, feeling much better.

"I suppose there is no use of my telling you how sorry I am to have brought you into this terrible situation," he said abjectly.

"I came of my own accord; nothing you could have said would have stopped me," I reassured him. "Forget it. What shall we do now? What are your own plans?"

"As soon as it is evident that the Hong Kong defenders can hold out no longer," he answered, "I intend to

stay with friends not far from here. I must not be caught with you. If the Japanese learn that you are a friend of mine, it may mean your execution."

As we talked, we were suddenly interrupted by a terrific explosion that shook the Gloucester Hotel. We heard the crash of window glass falling into the streets.

We rushed out onto the balcony, but the streets were dark and we saw nothing except the glow of fires which had started across the bay at Kowloon and occasional spurts of flame from the hills beyond, where the Japanese were still keeping up an incessant firing.

It was not until the next morning that we learned that a very tragic thing had happened. The British had planned to have some soldiers come from Kowloon with several tons of dynamite. All the shore batteries were ordered to keep the harbor clear from eleven p.m. until three a.m. This boat was scheduled to leave at two o'clock from Kowloon. For some reason it left ahead of schedule and the port batteries fired upon it, thinking it was a Japanese invasion boat. The dynamite exploded with such terrific force that it shook the entire city, creating a miniature hurricane! Every British soldier in the boat was, of course, blown to bits, and the much needed dynamite was lost to the defenders.

CHAPTER IV

The following morning I ventured out of the hotel and walked to the waterfront. Although I had been warned by the British manager of the hotel to remain indoors, I felt that to do so would mean madness. I had to know what was going on!

The first thing I learned was that Kowloon had been taken by the Japs, which was of course inevitable.

It seemed that the Japanese were now concentrating their bombing on important objectives in Hong Kong and staying away from the center of the city, so I proceeded without difficulty. I had a good opportunity to witness the devastation that had already occurred. Many buildings were shattered . . . the fronts of shops had been torn away . . . pitiful Chinese were searching through the ruins of their homes. I was stopped continually by people begging for a little money. Food was very difficult to get, and prices had skyrocketed.

I reached the docks unmolested. I had brought my binoculars with me; standing in the shelter of a warehouse, I focused them on the bay.

My interest suddenly became centered on a motor boat which was advancing across the bay. At its mast-head it carried a large white flag.

Realizing what that meant, I ran towards the pier where the boat was apparently due to anchor, but before I could get there, a British officer ran up to me and

placed his rifle across my breast.

"You can't go any farther, young man," he told me.

I obediently moved back a few paces and again focused my binoculars on the oncoming peace mission boat.

When it docked, I noted that it carried a British woman and two dogs, as well as three Japanese officers. No doubt, the woman and the dogs were brought along to keep the boat from being fired upon. One of the officers held a white flag aloft as he stepped onto the pier.

Later I learned that the officers were Colonel Tada, Lieutenant Otheu and Lieutenant Mizano. They brought a demand for surrender which they presented to the British officer in charge of the pier, who was asked to take it to the governor, Sir Mark Young, the chief British authority in Hong Kong.

I saw the pier officer depart. It was a long time before he returned. When he did, he had with him a gentleman I recognized as Major Charles Boxer, liaison officer.

Realizing that I had been an observer of an historic event, when Major Boxer left and the Japanese officers had once again departed in their boat, I went over to the soldier who had stopped me and asked him what had occurred.

"The Japs demand that we surrender," he said tersely. "The governor told them where to go. That's all."

Returning to my room, I found Choy walking up and down. His usual calm had left him. He was almost frothing at the mouth.

"Where have you been?" he demanded almost belligerently. "Here I have a chance for you to get away to Macao . . . and you walk out on me!"

I stared at him, then said: "You are convinced then that Hong Kong will fall?"

"How can a few thousand men defend this city against anywhere from fifty to one hundred thousand of the enemy? How can a few obsolete guns, one warship that has already been put out of commission, and some scattered anti-aircraft batteries hold out against such an invasion?"

"But I can't go!" I told him.

"Why not?" he demanded almost fiercely.

"There's a reason," I answered lamely. I did not tell him that I could not leave because I was in love with a Russian girl! Not in his present state of mind.

"You're going off if I have to have your feet and hands tied and have you carried to a certain place where a boat has been waiting," he answered.

He went to the 'phone. The service had once again resumed operation. He put through a call and talked in Chinese with someone. Then he turned to me with a very doleful air.

"No . . . you can't go," he said wearily. "It's too late. The boat has already left."

I walked over to him and put my hand on his shoulder.

"Thanks, Choy," I said. "You did your best, but I guess it is fated that I stick it out." I paused. "Somehow I have been able to do a little bit to help out. At first I was scared stiff and would have kissed your feet

for a chance to get away . . . but now . . . well . . . I look at it a little differently."

"You Americans baffle me at times," he muttered, but there was a look on his face that I liked!

Late that afternoon Scarsdale, the reporter, came to the hotel, and I had a few words with him. I told him what I had seen when the peace mission boat had landed.

"Sir Mark Young sent word to the Japs that the colony was strong enough to resist all attempts at invasion," he informed me, "and also that all of the resources of the British Empire and of the United States of America, as well as of the Republic of China, were behind us and that there would never be any surrender."

The reporter, who seemed terribly preoccupied and who talked almost mechanically, no doubt because he had so much news to cover that he was almost stunned, hurried off to a telephone. He came back with a look of intense excitement on his face.

"When Kowloon was taken!" he cried. "The police over there evacuated without telling a single civilian soul that the Japanese were coming in! God have pity on my countrymen over there!"

It was not until some days later that I learned that his prayer was prophetic. When the Japanese entered Kowloon they went berserk—drunk with victory. They proceeded to enter into an orgy of rape and murder. I was told by eye-witnesses what had happened—the Japanese had virtually raped every girl or woman with whom they came in contact, regardless of age! This included Britishers and foreigners. In several instances the sol-

diers would enter a house, tie up the husband and force him to watch the rape of his wife. More than once, when a husband put up too strenuous objection, he was promptly disemboweled!

I was to have authentication of this in Hong Kong later . . . and to realize that such things, and worse, actually happened in Kowloon. At first I could hardly believe what was told me. But later in Hong Kong I saw these terrible things with my own eyes!

The day following the fall of Kowloon, conditions in Hong Kong became steadily worse. The Japanese set up their guns near the docks of Kowloon and fired incessantly on the island. The increasing danger was brought home to me when a shell struck the Gloucester Hotel. Fortunately it tore off only one corner of the roof.

Alexi did not return to see me on that day when Kowloon fell as he had promised to do. I had told him that I intended to go out again with him on his errands of mercy.

I telephoned several times to Nana's home in Happy Valley but received no reply. I was tormented by thoughts of her safety. I knew that probably they had moved into the city, but I had neglected to ask her brother where I could find them.

With some vague hope of running into Alexi on the streets, I ventured out of the hotel. Also, I found that it was necessary to purchase some food, if possible. There was none available at the hotel and it was now a case of all the guests shifting for themselves.

As I went down Peddar Street, looking in vain for

Alexi's truck and some shop where I might purchase a little food, I became aware that an automobile on the opposite side of the street was being forced against the curb by another car. I stopped and watched, thinking that it might be the police taking into custody some of the Chinese thieves, who were now running rampant throughout the city.

For several days I had been carrying a forty-five revolver in my hip pocket. Almost instinctively I clutched it. I had a premonition of danger.

Two British officers jumped out of the car that was blocking the one that was close to the curb. Two Chinese policemen leaped from the trapped car and started to run up the street. The officers pulled their revolvers and fired. Both of the Chinese fell to the pavement.

I could not understand why they would shoot Chinese police!

I hurried over with drawn revolver and addressed the officers:

"What is it? What's the trouble?"

One of them looked at me and replied. "Come on . . . we'll show you."

I followed them wonderingly to the place where the two men were lying on the pavement, both dead. They were lying on their faces. One of the British officers pushed one of the men over onto his back with his foot. I saw then that he was a Japanese disguised in the uniform of the Chinese police.

"They thought they would get away with it," remarked the British officer. "If we had not got on to

them, they would no doubt have blown up the reservoir or some other vital structure!”

If those two Japs had blown up the reservoir and power plant of the city, they would have been about three days ahead of the time when that actually happened, for on December 16 the water supply of the city was put out of commission and on the next day the power plant supplying the electric current to the city was destroyed by bombs.

It was then that utter chaos descended upon us! The destruction of the reservoir and power plant marked the beginning of the end for Hong Kong. Imagine nearly one and one-half million people without water!

I shall never forget the day that the Japanese bombed the power plant, for it was on that night that I paid my first visit to Nana in her new quarters in the city.

It happened this way. As usual, I had been out lending a hand here and there in the bombed areas, taking care of injured Chinese children. Somehow I had great sympathy for these little tots. They were so quiet and so sweet . . . such unobtrusive little creatures! It seemed so barbaric that anyone would even dream of injuring or killing them! The dumb sorrow of their mothers was probably one of the most affecting things I have ever seen. Little or no talk . . . a mother would merely squat down in front of her dead baby and look at him in a daze. What went through her mind, all other mothers in the world will know!

I was turning a corner on my way back to the hotel late in the afternoon when a truck drove up and stopped.

I heard a voice calling me. Looking up, I saw Alexi.

"Been looking for you everywhere," I told him as I clambered up to the seat beside him.

He gave me a sly look, then said: "Nana forbids me to take you out on my expeditions any more."

"Oh," I muttered, a little confused. Somehow being a lovesick American in front of a Russian youth made me appear rather ridiculous, to myself at least.

"We've moved into town," he informed me. "Would you like to come over now?"

I used American vernacular: "Would I!"

He drove the truck in and out of some narrow streets and finally stopped in front of a four story loft building. We got out of the car and mounted what seemed to be an endless series of stairways. At last we came to a door on the top landing. Alexi unlocked it and motioned for me to enter.

I'll admit that I was a little flabbergasted at what I saw. I knew that Nana's father was wealthy, but the room I entered was merely a great barn-like place with some packing boxes fixed up to sit on, a rough board table in the middle, and a number of very expensive suitcases placed against the walls.

Alexi entered behind me and called out to Nana. A moment later she came out of another room and walked towards me. Subconsciously I was aware of the beauty and grace of her movements.

I am not attempting to make this narrative a love story, but almost everything that happened to me was tied up so definitely with Nana and her brother, that I

must bring in this more personal phase of my experiences in China. The fact remains that I was desperately in love for the first time in my life . . .

Anyway, the world can use all of the love that can be found . . . and it is good to know that even under the most tragic, ghastly conditions love exists and continues, and there is no power that can destroy it!

But to get back to the cutting off of the electricity. I started forward to take Nana's proffered hand and to obtain a closer view of the smile she had on her lips when she saw me . . . and then, bluee . . . the lights went out and the room was as black as a Jap's soul.

"Must be a fuse," I heard Alexi say behind me. "I'll go and find out."

"Nice to see you, Phillip," Nana's voice said to me out of the darkness. This was followed by a little laugh.

"Good to see you, too," I answered, seeing the humor of the situation. "You're looking swell!"

Somehow or other she got hold of my hand, and somehow or other we found one of the packing boxes and sat down next to each other. We both started to talk at the same time. Finally she stopped and let me speak. I told her all that had happened to me.

When I finished, she told me that her father was out trying to find some way to get them all to Macao, the Portuguese colony, where they would be safe. She added that the Japanese were trying to locate her father to question him.

"If he succeeds in finding a way to leave, will you come with us, Phillip?" she asked.

"There's an old saying," I answered, "Whither thou goest, I will go, or something."

I had just reached the point where my lips were searching for hers when in came Alexi with two lighted candles.

"They have blown up the power plant!" he informed us excitedly.

"No water and no electricity!" I exclaimed. "That will be almost ruinous to the defense of the city, won't it?"

"The end will not be far off, I'm afraid," answered Alexi. "I strongly advise that you obtain some bottled water on your way back to the hotel. I learned today that the old wells are being opened, but I am quite sure that to drink water from such wells will mean a typhoid epidemic."

I followed Alexi's advice after I left them that evening. On the way back to the hotel I found a little shop where I bought a small supply of aerated water. The price was only eight American dollars per bottle! I also purchased some cookies.

Burdened down with these parcels, I was in no mood for anything of a drastic nature to happen . . . so, of course, it did.

The skies above the city suddenly became alive with Japanese airplanes. It seemed that all hell let loose! Terrific explosions shook the city. Two feeble light rays shot up into the skies, evidently working under power generated by the British defenders. These faint rays endeavored to single out some of the planes so that the

inadequate aircraft guns could get into action.

My very soul cried out at this pathetic attempt to put up a defense. I felt a rush of anger against whoever was responsible for this city's not having been given proper protection!

When I was about three blocks from the hotel, I suddenly heard a whistling sound. I knew what it meant and quickly threw myself down, placing my arms over my head as I did so.

A terrific explosion followed which seemed to lift not only my hair but also my scalp. My ears did a black-out; all I could hear was a funny noise like static in a radio. I didn't realize at that moment that possibly I would never again have really normal hearing. The power of that explosion affected my eardrums, and to this day I sometimes pretend to hear what someone says to me, but really don't.

Things were getting too hot! There was, I recalled, an air-raid shelter close by. I hurried down the street, bumping into frantic people in the darkness . . . dizzy from the noise in my ears, and the shock to my nerves . . . clutching at a sack of cookies and one lone bottle of water—the two others had been broken when I dropped to the pavement.

I finally arrived at the stairway leading down into the air-raid shelter and descended.

I don't think you will need a vivid imagination to figure out just what it is like to be in a Chinese air-raid shelter! And if you ever have to duck into one . . . never, never carry a bottle of water and a sack of cookies!

There, you can imagine yourself in an immense cellar with water oozing from the walls . . . a few candles dripping on the people under them . . . a place suited to hold exactly one-tenth of the number of persons in it . . . first-hand information about what a Chinese coolie smells like after he has neglected to take a bath for a few years!

There has to be a humorous side to everything . . . and today I get a chuckle out of that experience. I think I was about the only white "duckee" (or whatever you call people who duck into air-raid shelters) . . . and it must have been that the Chinese loved me for that reason, because they even knocked me down a few times in their enthusiasm!

A Chinese woman was squeezed up next to me. She was holding a child in her arms. The kid took a great fancy to my hat and started pulling it down over my ears. Inasmuch as my arms were pinioned to my sides and utterly useless, most of the time I spent in the shelter was not in seeing . . . just smelling.

At last, when I felt that a few more breaths would be my last, I made a desperate lunge for the stairway and finally got up on the street again. I would almost have welcomed a few bombs in preference to what I had undergone!

I finally reached my room, utterly exhausted. Weariness did not mean sleep to me however. I had slept practically not at all for several nights. It was a matter of lying down and waiting . . . listening . . . wondering whether at any moment I would be blown into bits! It

is to be doubted if anyone can quite imagine the state of mind of a person under such conditions unless he actually has gone through it.

As I lay there in the darkness, the sound of the bombing and gun firing being somewhat deadened by the injury to my eardrums, I realized that it was approaching the Yule-tide season back home.

My mind went back to all of the joyous Christmases I had spent at home and abroad . . . lighted trees . . . turkey . . . presents (generally tennis rackets) . . . choral singing . . . people wishing you a "Merry Christmas" . . . "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men" . . .

What kind of a Christmas would my mother and father have, knowing of my terrible situation? If I could only send them word that I was still alive and thus far, safe! But, of course, it was impossible. I had often heard friends speak of telepathy . . . that when a person is in a very tense, tragic situation, he can project his thoughts or send a message to his loved ones. I decided to try it. I visualized the faces of my mother and father back there in San Francisco . . . and I kept saying over and over in my mind: "I'm all right . . . don't worry . . . I'm all right . . . don't worry."

I think many of those who read this book will understand when I tell them that upon my return home, my mother told me that she actually received that message which I sent that night as I lay there in that black room in the Gloucester Hotel! We compared the difference in time between San Francisco and Hong Kong and checked the whole thing very carefully.

CHAPTER V

The following morning I awoke quite ill. The nervous strain of it all was getting me. I managed, however, to get out and walked to the Bank of China. This was necessary when I discovered that I had in my possession no small money—just two five hundred dollar bills. It would be practically impossible to get the bills changed anywhere except at the bank, which was still carrying on business.

The bank teller explained that all he could do would be to make change for one of the bills. He said there was a great shortage of small money. After he had served me, he went to great lengths to apologize for the fact that, as a visitor from America, I should come to Hong Kong at such an inopportune time! This gave me another sidelight on Chinese character!

The illness I had felt all morning became worse when I reached my room, and I barely managed to crawl into bed. I stayed in that bed until the fatal morning of December 25, Christmas Day!

Fortunately for me Choy came in and discovered my condition. He brought me food and water and finally managed to get hold of the house physician, who looked me over and said it was a case of nervous exhaustion. He informed me that over half of the guests in the hotel were in the same condition. All there was to be done was

to rest and try to be as calm as possible!

The doctor gave me some sleeping tablets and for a couple of days I was more or less lost to the world. When I awoke on Christmas morning, I felt much better and got up and dressed. It was very fortunate for me that I had had this rest. I certainly needed it to face what was coming!

When I was on the point of leaving my room to go out for some fresh air and size up the situation in the city since my short illness, Choy rushed into the room.

"Governor Mark Young is surrendering!" he cried. "The Japanese have pushed through from Stanley and are moving into the city along Blue Pool Road."

I stared at him, unable to speak. We had expected it, but when it finally came, the news was stunning.

"They are crossing from Kowloon!" cried Choy. "That means they will close in on both sides!"

We hurried out onto my balcony and looked out across the bay. Choy was correct. Boats, sampans, rafts and almost anything that would float were being used by the Japanese soldiers to cross the water. On many of these guns had been mounted, and most of the soldiers I saw through my binoculars were carrying machine guns.

The advance of the Japanese from Kowloon was being accompanied by gun fire from the docks, such firing being concentrated on the defense positions of the British and the Chinese. I noted with some satisfaction that the brave defenders of Hong Kong were inflicting considerable punishment on the Japanese. I saw more than one

boat hit and sink to the bottom of the bay.

I would have stood there a long time watching the scene in mingled fear and fascination if Choy had not yanked me back into the room and started talking rapidly.

"I must not be caught here with you!" he exclaimed. "They might consider you a spy. You must stay here in this room, and above all things, do not argue with any of them. Keep calm and be very polite . . . to the dirty bastards!" The last words were uttered with such hatred that I felt surprised. Choy had always been so restrained and these were the first "cuss words" I'd ever heard him utter!

Before I could say anything to him, he had donned his overcoat, the air having turned very chilly outside. He came up to me and looked me squarely in the eyes.

"We don't know what may happen, Phillip," he said a little huskily, "but good luck and God bless you!"

* * *

When he had gone, I tried to figure out whether to take his advice and stay in the room—or try to escape. I went over and took up the receiver of the 'phone. Silly—the telephone service had been disrupted for a long time. I wanted so much to ask Nana's advice . . . should I go to her and try to protect her? Stories of how the Jap soldiers had raped girls indiscriminately came back to me, and I felt a quiver of horror at the very thought of her being harmed! I took step after step . . . back and forth . . . hoping that movement would assist me to function logically. I was definitely unstrung and unable

to think coherently. Finally I stopped my pacing and made a quick decision. I would disguise myself as an Eurasian and go to Nana's! Maybe I could find a room in the building where she was staying and hide out!

General Hsu had presented me with a beautiful Chinese gown and slippers some time before. I remember he had laughingly told me to use them when I wanted to be comfortable.

My hair was very dark and my eyes also. With a touch here and there, I could easily pass for an Eurasian.

To the accompaniment of gun-shots, zooming planes and exploding bombs, I stood in front of a mirror and made myself up to be (as I thought) an undeniable Eurasian.

Choy had brought a tin of chocolate biscuits and some aerated water. I stuffed these into a handbag and started out.

I had hardly reached the next landing when I met Mr. Eugene Chen and his wife. Mr. Chen was formerly Foreign Minister of China and one of its greatest politicians.

They stopped when they saw me and Mr. Chen, whom I had met on several occasions, spoke:

"Mr. Harman! You have heard what has happened?"

I realized at once that my attempt at disguise was a flop!

"Choy just told me," I answered. "What are your plans?"

"There seems to be no escape," he answered. "Mrs. Chen and I have just decided to go to our rooms and

wait for whatever happens.”

“You’ll need something to eat,” I said. I gave them the box of biscuits. “Good luck.”

“I strongly advise against your attempting to disguise yourself,” warned Mr. Chen. “They may look upon that as being suspicious . . . that you are a spy.”

I thanked him and went on downstairs. On reaching the next landing I heard a great commotion in one of the rooms nearby. Curious, I went over and opened the door.

To my amazement, I saw that it opened into the liquor storeroom of the hotel. In front of me were four British men with axes, smashing at rows of bottles on shelves and in cupboards. There was liquor all over the floor and the room was filled with the fumes of alcohol.

“What’s the idea?” I demanded.

One of the men turned to me.

“Lend a hand,” he said. “We’ve got to destroy this stuff before the Japs get here. If they get drunk, God knows what may happen!”

I saw the point immediately. I picked up a long wooden beer-tap and sailed in to help them. As I smashed bottle after bottle of fine liquor, I realized that we were destroying property that was probably worth up to one hundred thousand dollars!

When departing from that room after every bottle had been smashed, I must have smelled like the proverbial brewery! For the first time in my life, I rather regretted that I had not stopped long enough to take a few swigs. I certainly needed them!

I went down into Peddar Street, still undecided whether to take a chance and go to Nana or not. Hardly had I stepped out of the hotel door when a plane swooped down. The gunner in the plane started spraying the streets with machine gun bullets.

I dropped to the pavement and prayed to God that the bullets would not hit me! My prayers were answered, but after arising, I saw in the streets beyond, many, many people who had been less fortunate. It was a repetition of the scene witnessed before, except in this case there were more casualties. Everyone had evidently run out into the streets wondering what to do and were easy marks for the fiend in the plane which passed over us.

It was then I recalled that Choy had told me that Sir Mark Young had surrendered the city to the Japanese at least two hours before!

With great force it came home to me that the Allies were confronted by an enemy in the Japanese who would have no compunction whatever in using the most unfair, dastardly tactics. The Pearl Harbor episode and now this unwarranted attack, after Hong Kong had surrendered, offered sufficient proof of this!

My gaze fell upon a little Chinese girl of about ten year of age, who had been hit by one of the bullets. She was sitting up and staring at a ghastly wound in her leg. She didn't cry . . . merely showed a stupified, surprised expression on her face.

I hurried over and picked her up. I was familiar with all of the relief stations and walked swiftly to the near-

est one where I turned her over to a British Red Cross nurse.

I left the relief station, covered with blood. I realized that I was still wearing my feeble disguise. The folly of attempting such subterfuge and hiding out came home to me, and I hurried back to the hotel and went up to my room.

Several of the guests in the hotel must have followed me, people whom I had met casually, for I had hardly changed into an American suit when they came in. There were three elderly ladies, university teachers from the States, who had been spending their sabbatical years in traveling in the Orient. With them was a short, heavy-set man whose name I do not recall. As I remember, he was a representative of the International Business Machine Corporation in New York.

They crowded around me, the women crying and hysterical. They asked me what they should do. I remembered Choy's advice.

"Go to your rooms and be as quiet as possible," I told them. "When the Japanese come, explain the reason for your presence in Hong Kong. Any other course will be futile."

I finally got rid of them and sat down, realizing that it was high time to prepare my own story. There was not the least doubt but that the Japanese would question me, and if they learned that I was in China on behalf of the United China Relief, it might go very badly with me.

While I was sitting there trying to figure out the best course to pursue, some peculiar noises came to me from

the street below. I went out onto the verandah and looked down. On the pavement below were a number of revolvers and rifles. A shiny obstacle passed in front of me, almost hitting me on the head. I looked up and saw a Britisher ducking back into his room. He had evidently tossed his revolver into the street.

The guests had evidently been warned to dispose of their weapons and not be caught with them by the Japanese. I re-entered my room and picked up the forty-five automatic which was on the table. I tossed this out of the window, thankful that I had received warning in time.

The hours went by. Nothing happened. Why didn't the Japanese arrive? It would be better if they came and got it over with. I had no desire to go out and witness any more hysterical scenes, having gone through too many to do anything but sit back and await whatever the Fates held in store for me.

But I was not destined to be alone for long because the doorknob turned and the door started to open slowly.

I stood up, tense, sure that it was the Japanese. To my surprise a little girl of about eight years of age, a British child, came into the room. Her cheeks were stained with tears. She stood and looked at me for a moment. Then she ran over and threw herself into my arms.

"What's the matter, little girl?" I asked soothingly.

"My mummy is crying!" she sobbed. "She won't talk to me! Nursie said that some bad man would be coming and that I must be quiet. I'm frightened!"

I took the pitiful child and sat down with her on my lap. In a way, it was good that I had some little deed to do that would get my own mind away from what was coming.

“Don’t you worry,” I told her. “No bad men are going to hurt a nice little girl like you.” As I said these words, a picture of that bleeding little Chinese child came to me!

“I’m so glad,” she said. “You’re nice! Please sing me to sleep.”

I was glad that there was no one present because as a singer, I’m a good tennis player!

Anyway, I made some more or less rhythmic noises and the little girl finally fell into a sound sleep. I had forgotten to ask her what room she and her mother occupied, so I carried her into the hall and knocked on several doors. My first three attempts were failures. At the first room, a tall, swarthy man came to the door, a Spaniard from all appearances. In his hand he held a revolver and he glared at me ferociously.

“Is this your child?” I asked.

“No,” he replied.

“Better throw that gun away,” I warned him. “If the Japanese catch you with a weapon, it might go badly with you.”

“In which case, I shall use it on myself,” he snapped and slammed the door.

At the next door voices came to me, but when I knocked they became stilled, and all efforts were in vain to bring any response. I was gaining some knowledge

of how people react when in a state of terror!

I finally located the child's mother and turned her over to the hysterical woman. After doing what I could to calm her, I returned to my room.

Early in the morning I fell asleep through utter exhaustion. I had a dream in which the child who had come to me for consolation was hitting me over the head with a peppermint cane which she had taken from a brilliantly lighted Christmas tree. I awoke, and became aware of a peremptory knocking on the door. I got up with a feeling of shock. My mind clicked again. Instinctively I knew that the time had come!

Before going to the door, I took a quick glance out of the window. Sure enough, down in the street were long rows of Japanese soldiers, holding back thousands of Chinese people!

As I turned around, the door was thrown open uncereemoniously. Two Japanese officers entered. One of them stood by the door; the other one walked over to me. He was unusually slender for a Japanese. His face was hard and set and he looked at me with narrow, reptile eyes.

"Your name?" he demanded, referring to a long piece of paper in his hand. He spoke in perfect English.

"Phillip Harman," I answered.

"What is your business in Hong Kong?" he demanded.

I had made up my mind the night before to say nothing about coming to Hong Kong on behalf of the United China Relief.

"I am in a very small importing and exporting business," I answered.

His face darkened and he walked up to me and slapped me with the back of his hand.

"Don't lie, you bastard!" he exclaimed. "Why aren't you in the American army?"

I took the blow with outward composure, but inwardly I was seething. What is there about a slap in the face that arouses such ferocious anger?

"My physical condition is such that I have been deferred," I told him honestly.

"Are you connected with the American Government?" he asked, as he made a note on the piece of paper.

"I am not."

"Who are your friends in this city and where are they?" came the next question.

"I have no friends here as yet," I replied. "I only recently arrived."

Japanese. He reached out to give me another slap on the

"We'll teach you not to lie to us!" exclaimed the face, but this time I ducked.

He turned and gave a terse command in Japanese to the officer at the door, and the two of them left the room.

I sank into a chair with some relief. It was not as bad as I had expected! Little did I know then that this was merely a prelude to terror.

For a long interval I stayed in my room, deciding it was inadvisable to run up against the Japanese officers again. But my curiosity finally got the better of me and I went down into the lobby of the hotel.

Evidently many of the other guests had been taken with the same idea. The lobby was crowded. Japanese soldiers were on guard with rifles.

I found everyone in a state of repressed excitement. They were too scared to talk loud and drew off into groups, whispering among themselves. No doubt they were relating their individual experiences with the Jap officers.

I made a move to leave the hotel, but two Jap soldiers, who were standing near the entrance, promptly barred my path by significantly pointing their bayonets at the pit of my stomach. This was a sufficient hint to me that I was not supposed to leave the place.

I joined some of the other groups and learned that they had all had about the same experience as I, except possibly with less emphasis on the lying part. I suddenly became suspicious that the Japanese knew more about me than they had let on!

The tension a bit relieved, I found myself very hungry and went into the dining room. There I learned that the Japanese had ordered that no food of any kind be served that day, except a small dish of rice and one cup of coffee. I accepted this ration but made up my mind that when opportunity offered, I would go out and buy some food. Rice never appealed to me.

That night I spent many dreary hours, sleepless hours, listening to the tramp of feet in the streets below, occasional shots, and several times the scream of women. I had an idea what was taking place!

At last, unable to stand the suspense any longer, I

stepped out onto the balcony. There was a full moon. The outline of the city was plainly visible as well as the street below. Of course, none of the street lights were on, the power plant being still out of commission. At several points I saw red-tinged smoke where fires were burning. Overhead Japanese airplanes went by occasionally, although this time they did not drop any bombs.

While standing there contemplating this great conquered city, there came a sharp rifle report from the shadows below and something sharp bit into my cheek. I looked around and saw that a bullet had dug its way into the wall near my head, and that a stone splinter had chipped off and grazed my face.

It is unnecessary for me to relate just how quickly I ducked into my room! The Japs were given the reputation of being poor marksmen, but this sniper who took a pot-shot at me was just a little too good for comfort!

My mind was filled with worry about Nana; yet it would be practically impossible for me to attempt to see her. All I could do was to pray for her safety.

* * *

CHAPTER VI

In the morning my mind was made up that I would make some effort to find out if Nana was safe. The suspense was too great to withstand.

To my gratification, there were no Japanese soldiers on guard at the door of the hotel, so no one stopped me when I went out into the street.

I made my way by a circuitous route towards the building where Nana and her family were staying. It was, as I remembered, an old building in a very narrow street, off which branched many alleyways. I did not recall the number of the building; in fact, I guess I never knew it, but I was sure I could identify it because of a huge sign on top of the building, advertising "Tiger Balm."

I saw various groups of Japanese soldiers on the streets and avoided them. They seemed to be primarily engaged in roughly pushing around the Chinese who came near to them and doing everything possible to cow the inhabitants. They evidently wanted to display their authority.

Arriving at the approximate location of the building, or so I thought, realization came to me that I was lost. Making one turn after another finally resulted in my arriving at a cul-de-sac. About to retrace my steps out of this dead-end alley, I looked up and saw a group of

Japanese soldiers congregated in the entrance of a deserted rooming house.

Fearing that they might see me, I cowered back behind some packing boxes and watched for an opportunity to make a getaway!

Then, to my utter horror, I saw what was going on! Lying on the floor of this rooming house hallway was a young Chinese girl of about fourteen. Her clothing had evidently been torn from her body, for she was completely nude. I saw one of the soldiers kneel down over her and put his hands on her naked legs.

The child, for she was scarcely more than that, screamed in terror. One of the other soldiers kneeled and put his hand over her mouth.

The details are too nauseating to relate, but I had to stand there and witness in horrible fascination, these six Japanese soldiers rape this girl! They committed on her acts of cruelty of an unspeakable nature. When they finally left, upon hearing a whistle from the street beyond, I went cautiously over to her. I saw that she was unconscious. Her mouth was bleeding and her body was one mass of bruises!

I took the naked form in my arms, knowing that by so doing I was running a terrible risk of being shot! I stood there hesitating . . . I did not have the heart to desert the child, feeling sure if she did not have immediate care she would die . . .

Looking around, absolutely at a loss as to what to do, I suddenly spied a huge sign on a nearby building advertising "Tiger Balm." It was the place where Nana

lived!

I walked stealthily toward the building, trying to keep as well hidden as possible. To my relief I reached the entrance of the structure unseen by any Japanese soldiers. I passed several Chinese. When they saw me hurrying along holding a naked girl in my arms they stared at me with as much astonishment as a Chinese ever shows.

When reaching the top floor of the building, after climbing the long series of stairways, I was utterly spent. I had to stop and seat myself on the landing to get my breath. A moment later there was an awareness of someone watching me. Looking up, I saw Nana standing at the railing.

"Phillip!" she cried. "Why . . . what . . . ?"

It can be well imagined—the picture I made as I sat there with the nude Chinese girl in my lap!

I arose and explained: "Nana, we must do something to help this girl . . . I picked her up in an alley—she was attacked by Japanese soldiers!"

When we had entered the apartment and locked the door, Nana took the girl from my arms and disappeared with her into another room. I sat down, dazed and weary, and waited for what seemed an interminable time. Then she returned.

"She has regained consciousness," she told me. "I bathed her, rubbed her with ointment, and gave her some sleeping tablets."

"It is all so horrible!" I exclaimed. "But thank God you are safe."

"So far," she answered shortly. "The Japanese soldiers have been here. But you—oh, Phillip, you have no idea how distressed I have been about you!"

I told her what had happened, then asked her where her brother, Alexi, was. She told me that he and her father were visiting a person of great importance, endeavoring to find some way for an escape to Macao. She explained that I must remain constantly on the alert, in case an opportunity came for them to arrange my escape from Hong Kong.

Upon my making inquiries as to whether she had been molested by the Japanese, she answered:

"No . . . not yet . . . but there is one Japanese officer who has come here three times, for the ostensible purpose of asking questions about my father. But I know that he has some other purpose—his eyes—they betray him!"

"Good God!" I exclaimed.

"I should not have told you," she said. "Now you will have other worries. I'll be all right. It is seldom that Alexi leaves me alone!"

"I will wait here until they return," I told her firmly.

"You cannot do that," she said. "Don't you realize that if you are caught here, they may shoot you through fear that you are a spy. You must return at once. If you cannot come again, without danger, wait until Alexi contacts you and can bring you here in safety. He knows Hong Kong as few people do. It is not safe for you to wander around by yourself!"

Much against my will, but fearing that my presence

would also get Nana into greater trouble, I left. I held her in my arms for one brief, joyous moment before I departed.

On my way back to the hotel, I found a little shop where I was able to purchase, for outrageous prices, some aerated water, a few cookies, and two cans of corned beef hash. At least that night I would not have to consume more rice!

The power plant had evidently been repaired, for the hotel was lighted when I arrived shortly after dark. Reaching my room I devoured some of the food. The next morning I found a half consumed tin of corned beef on the bedspread. I had fallen asleep while eating!

I went out onto the streets again just before noon. History was in the making. I could not restrain myself to the point of staying in my room, as most of the others did.

While I walked along, looking at the pathetic attempts of Chinese shop-keepers to rescue some of their belongings from the debris, a voice came to me. I turned and found myself looking at a young girl whose face seemed strangely familiar.

"Please come into this doorway. I must talk to you," the girl said.

When we had withdrawn into the shelter of the entrance of a nearby building I recognized her.

"Weren't you one of the entertainers at the Peninsula Hotel in Kowloon?" I asked.

She nodded, then spoke hurriedly:

"I'm starving! I have no money! If you will let me

have some, I will go with you wherever you want—do anything you want me to do!”

I stared at her. She was not of the prostitute type, and there was no doubt that she was telling the truth. Her face was ghastly white and her lips so pale that they almost matched her skin. Her body was emaciated, and her cheek-bones were protruding.

“You don’t need to do anything for me,” I told her quickly. “Here.” I took out ten dollars in small bills and handed them to her.

She looked at the money in a way that did something to me inside. Then she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me on the cheek. Before I could say “Jack Robinson,” she was gone!

This experience must have left me a little dizzy because I walked on without being on the alert for Japanese soldiers. I suddenly looked up to find myself confronted by two Japanese officers.

A chill crept over me as I looked at their evil, speculative faces. In a desperate attempt to get away, I bowed in accepted Oriental style and started to walk past them. One of them reached over, grabbed my arm and slapped my face. The other elevated his revolver holster so that the gun inside the scabbard was aimed directly at me.

As usual, the officer who hit me spoke excellent English. I had already discovered that practically all of them had been taught our language. Maybe it was in anticipation that some day, they would take over the United States!

“Where are you going, you Yankee pig?” he de-

manded.

"Just trying to find a place to buy a little food," I explained, as politely as my inward rage would permit.

He looked me over as if he were inspecting another type of pig, then his mouth widened into a grin and he revealed rows of uneven yellow teeth.

"So you have money to buy food?"

I nodded. "I have a little money—yes."

He held out his hand. "You will give me that money at once!" he snapped. "And your watch and pen. If you try to keep any from us, we will have to see what you are made of inside!" He made a motion for the knife at his belt.

I kicked myself figuratively for being an utter fool! Here I had been roaming the streets with nearly one thousand dollars in my pocket, and an expensive wrist watch, won in one of my tennis tournaments. The fountain pen was of the Woolworth type, so that didn't matter.

My movements while shelling out my small fortune would have been perfect for a slow-motion picture. I dared not hold out any of my money, as otherwise no doubt, I would have been shot dead on the spot.

While I fumbled with my wallet, the Jap officer reached out and grabbed it from me.

"Please—let me have my passports and important papers!" I pleaded.

"Be glad that we let you live, you son-of-a-bitch devil!" he snarled. "Now move on."

I turned back towards the hotel, fully expecting to

feel the point of a bayonet in my back. I glanced backward. The two Japs were bursting with merriment, as they gloated over the large amount of money they had taken from me.

I returned to my hotel in a doleful state. I had a few dollars stuck away in a suitcase, but the loss of the money was a tough blow to take.

Everyone in the hotel, of course, was speculating on what was going to happen. It seemed inevitable that we would not be allowed to remain at the Gloucester Hotel for any length of time. The Japanese officers would undoubtedly take it over in order to live luxuriously. We learned that, while we were eating rice, they were consuming the choicest food available.

I called on some of the guests in the hotel. Funny how a tense, dramatic circumstance can bring strangers together! We had no thought of wealth or occupation, no consideration of rank or social standing . . . we were just fellow human beings, confronted by conditions that brought us to one great common level.

At about six o'clock we were served small dishes of rice and coffee, with the addition that night of tiny portions of fish, for which we were very grateful. The regular Chinese chef of the hotel supervised the cooking. He was very apologetic that he was unable to provide his usual excellent cuisine.

Several Japanese soldiers were on guard around the place and some Japanese officers had taken over the offices of the hotel. When they took the trouble to look at any of us, it was with an air of superiority and conde-

scension.

I became ravenously hungry later that evening, especially for something sweet, so ventured out at dusk to try to discover some food which could be purchased with my now very slender supply of money.

I proceeded down Peddar Street, this time with utmost caution to avoid running into any more Japanese officers. I took only a few dollars with me, in case of another hold-up.

I managed to locate a little shop where I was able to purchase some chocolate cookies. Most of the stores had been closed and padlocked by the Japanese. A large proportion of all of the food and clothing stocks from these stores had been taken and shipped to Tokyo, without any recompense to the owners.

I left the shop with my paper sack of cookies, and started to turn up the street. Then my heart did a topsy-turvy when I spotted two Japanese officers standing a few yards from me.

I quickly swung around to go in the other direction.

One of them saw me and shouted:

"Halt!"

They came up to me.

"How dare you turn your back on us?" exclaimed one of the officers, angrily.

Having no stomach for further trouble, I bowed politely in Oriental fashion, and replied:

"I am sorry. I did not see you."

"You will get used to seeing us later," he informed me, "when we have taken over your silly America."

"I imagine that will be quite some time," I answered. I could not for the life of me repress my rage. Just to look at his supercilious flat face did something to me!

"You Yankee fools even sold us your iron and metals to make the guns to shoot you with!" he sneered. "And we know your country better than you know it yourselves! All you weak, spineless Americans think about is making money. You'd sell your own grandmother for a profit!"

When he paused, I started to say something to refute his statements, but realized the danger of crossing him, so held my lips tightly closed.

"Your soldiers don't know how to fight," he went on. "They can't suffer hardships. Your aviators have no real training. All they ever did was to fly for pleasure."

"Our American aviators are the best trained in the world!" I ejaculated, vehemently. He was going a little too far—no doubt deliberately trying to enrage me so I would give them an opportunity to shoot me!

"We train our flyers in two months," he told me. "Any longer time than that is silly. It takes many months to make flyers out of you Americans."

"I don't intend to argue with you," I told him. "Time will prove how wrong you are. We Americans may not be a war-like nation, but God pity anybody who picks on us!"

"I'll show you right now that you Americans are not a fighting race!" he cried. He turned to his fellow officer with a leering grin. Then he swung around and hit me on the mouth with his clenched fist. He must have been

wearing a large ring, because the blow broke one of my front teeth and blood started flowing from my lips.

Every vestige of self-control at this deliberate attack left me. I guess I went blind with anger. All I remember is that I made one lunge at him. A moment later he was lying on the pavement, motionless.

My sense returned to me in a flash. The other Japanese officer started tugging at his gun. I dropped my little sack of cookies and turned and ran down the street with all the speed I possessed; that was fairly good, due to my foot-work in tennis playing!

The report of a gun came to my ears and a bullet sang past my head. I turned a corner and made a zig-zag journey through various streets to reach the hotel.

Upon inspecting my tooth, after getting back to my room, I saw that it was so loose there was nothing to do but yank it out.

While seated on the bed holding a cold cloth against my mouth, it came to me what might happen if I ever ran into those Jap officers again! For an American to knock down a Jap officer at that crucial time was practically sentencing himself to death! All I could do would be to pray that they would not be able to trace me down!

The best place for me for the rest of the night was in bed. No doubt of that!

* * *

CHAPTER VII

The following day I stayed quite close to my room, fearing that to leave might result in running into the Jap officers with whom I had had the trouble the night before. It was a long, dreary day. I avoided companionship as my mouth was badly swollen. It would be dangerous to tell anyone what had happened.

The more thought I gave to my situation, the more I realized that I had practically ostracized myself . . . that it would be too hazardous for me to go out and take any chances of contacting those Jap officers again!

Then an idea occurred to me. Why not raise a beard—disguise myself?

Sometimes in looking back on it all, there are some amusing features relating to my predicament. I have to chuckle when thinking of the days following my decision to change my appearance. While my beard was growing, most of my time was spent in reading. I would go to a mirror a dozen times a day to see how it was progressing. Any man who has tried to raise a beard will recall what a slow process it is!

I dug out from the hotel library a set of the works of Henry Ward Beecher—some American guest no doubt had contributed them. The edition was dated about 1875, or something. At any rate, I'll wager that

I'm the best read man on Henry Ward Beecher of any living person!

On the fourth day of my self-inflicted incarceration, a stubble of beard made itself quite distinguishable, sufficient at any rate to change me into a peculiarly trampish looking person. Word had circulated around the hotel that I had raised a beard in order to escape disguised as a Tibetan Priest! Where such a fantastic idea emanated from, I don't know. Anyway, I made myself a man of mystery around the place, but I prayed that none of the Japs in charge of the hotel would get wind of it. It was quite certain, however, that nobody would think of telling a Jap anything—unless it was one of the renegade Chinese. There were some Chinese who had thrown in with the Japanese and were allowed to occupy themselves in wholesale looting of stores and warehouses. (But in most countries, there are probably some people who will take advantage of any tragedy to reap personal profit.)

On my last day of beard growing, the Chinese house-boy knocked on my door and handed me an envelope. It was from Choy! It was great to know that he had found a way to communicate with me. I had been terribly worried about him but knew that he would never think of trying to see me, due to fear that it would implicate me. I read the note eagerly:

“Dear Phillip: I am safe with friends, and although I dare not see you, have been deeply anxious for your safety. A rumor comes to me that some American struck a Japanese officer. They are looking for him.

Knowing your impetuous nature, I do hope that you were not foolish enough to do such a thing! Harry Chang, the house-boy who delivers this note, I know is to be trusted, so have no worry on that score. As a matter of fact, he is a distant relative of mine. If any opportunity occurs for me to be of assistance to you, know that I shall do all that I can. In the meantime, keep up your courage no matter what comes. The Allied cause will be victorious before too long! Ever your friend,

Choy."

After I read Choy's note, a cold sweat broke out on my body. I hurried over and looked at my beard. How smart it had been for me to remain inside during the past few days! That Jap officer evidently was out for blood! I certainly *looked* different. This fact assuaged my anxiety considerably.

That night I went out in the street for awhile to get some exercise and to test out my disguise. It had to be done some time! Nothing of particular interest happened. No one in the hotel lobby accosted me. This made me feel that I was fairly safe and my worry was lessened.

As I arrived back at the hotel and was starting up to my room, I found Alexi waiting for me in a chair near the stairway. The beard worked with him, for I had to remind him who I was!

We shook hands and he made it evident how glad he was to see me. He started to question me about the beard, but I broke in:

"Tell me," I demanded, "how is Nana?"

"She is all right," he answered. "She and my father are leaving early in the morning for Macao. My father managed to arrange to accompany some Chinese in a sampan that is going there. I dare not tell you the names of the important officials who are leaving with him. I shall remain here in Hong Kong as I am in no great danger."

"So Nana is leaving!" I exclaimed almost to myself. Her going made me very sad in a way, and yet I was overjoyed that she was to have a chance to get out of Hong Kong.

"She wants me to bring you over tonight to say good-bye," Alexi informed me. "My father is staying near the place where the sampan is due to leave. I will drive Nana over there before sunrise in the morning."

Thankful to have an opportunity of seeing Nana again before she left, I accompanied Alexi from the hotel. He guided me in a very devious way to the loft building where they had been staying.

When at last we turned down a dark alleyway which led to a side entrance to the building, he suddenly took my arm and dragged me into a doorway.

"There has been a Jap officer who has been coming up to our place quite often," he explained. "Ostensibly he wants to ask about my father. Undoubtedly they want to question him about the whereabouts of certain Chinese officials they are trying to take into custody. But I am sure this Japanese officer has some designs on

my sister. I saw him enter the building just as we came up."

"He must be the same one she told me about," I said. "What shall we do?"

He did not reply but led me down another alleyway and pointed up to a window on the fourth floor.

"That is our apartment up there, where that light is," he explained. "I told Nana if anything happened to make it inadvisable to bring you up, she should pull down the blind. We'd better wait here until we get the signal, or until the man leaves."

Almost as he finished speaking, Nana appeared at the lighted window. We caught a glimpse of her; then she pulled down the blind. We saw her silhouette against the window shade, then the outline of the Japanese as he came up to her.

"Just as I thought," said Alexi. "He was going up to see Nana."

As we stood there in the darkness pondering just what to do, a low scream from Nana came to us through the open window. Then her voice pierced the silence of the night:

"Please leave me alone! I have told you everything I know. Keep your hands off me!"

"Come on!" I cried. The tone of Nana's voice had indicated her great fear, and the very thought of a Jap molesting her made me dizzy with rage and anxiety.

I recall Alexi pulling at my coat sleeve and trying to stop me, but I raced around the corner and up the stairs two at a time. He followed close at my heels,

pleading with me to let him take care of the matter alone . . . that it was dangerous for me to interfere.

The door of the apartment was unlocked, and I rushed in. My surmise had been correct for the Jap officer had backed Nana into a corner near the window and was pawing at the front of her dress with his wide-spread fingers. She was desperately trying to prevent him from tearing open the front of her dress, by holding her arms in front of her.

"You damned filthy two-legged rat!" I yelled. "Leave her alone!"

The Jap turned around, his hand falling to the automatic revolver at his side. He stepped forward and pulled out the gun as I lunged at him. But Alexi was quicker than I. In some surprising way he got to the fellow ahead of me and grappled with him.

It all happened so quickly that it is hard for me to remember exactly what occurred. I recall, however, that the two men fell to the floor tussling . . . Nana staring down at them, white-faced . . . I picked up some kind of earthenware receptacle from under an improvised bureau; then I stood over the two men waiting an opportunity to crown the Jap.

That chance came when the Jap got astride Alexi and was tugging at a knife at his belt. The revolver had fallen to one side in the fracas. Evidently he intended to stab Alexi. Nana gave a scream and I slammed the weapon in my hand down on the Jap's head with all my strength. He made a gurgling noise, then sprawled limply out over Alexi's body.

As Alexi pushed the fellow away and got up, we three looked at each other dumbly. No one of us was able to speak at the moment. We were all panting either from fright or exertion.

Finally Alexi gasped: "Thanks, Phillip. You saved me that time!"

I looked at Nana to see if she were on the verge of fainting or anything, and saw that she staring down at the Jap officer.

"You killed him," she said with a very mechanical note in her voice, as if she were speaking from a great distance.

I knelt down and felt the man's wrist. His hand was already rather cold and there was no heartbeat. He was dead . . . no doubt of that. Anything else would have been a miracle as I had hit him with all my strength.

I tried to figure out how I could have killed him and looked at the broken pieces of earthenware on the floor. I saw that I had picked up something that our grandmothers generally kept under the bed . . . if you know what I mean. I'm probably the only American who ever killed a Jap with such an appropriate weapon!

Alexi thought faster than Nana or I. He ran and bolted the door, then came back.

"If they find him here, we are as good as in our graves right now!" he exclaimed.

"What shall we do?" I demanded. "If we leave him they will know that either you, your father or Nana killed him, won't they?"

"Yes," agreed Alexi. "We've got to hide him some-

where. Of course, Nana and my father will be gone before they could find him."

"But how about you—and me?" I asked. I turned to Nana. "Thank God you are getting away from this, Nana."

"I won't leave until I know that you two are safe," she asserted. She had recovered herself and showed the fortitude that I had sensed in her. She looked down at this fiend who had tried to attack her as if she were looking at nothing more than the dead carcass of a wild animal. I am sure none of us had the slightest feeling at having done the fellow in; he so obviously deserved it. I had not lost the horrible impression that will remain with me always, of seeing those Japs rape the girl whom I had brought up to the apartment! Even now, to me, the sooner the Japanese soldier is erased from this world of ours, the better.

"There is an old well near here which was opened after the bombing of the water system," said Alexi, after a moment of silence. "Too bad to contaminate even filthy water with this carrion, but it is the quickest and best thing to do."

We all agreed. Alexi did a little reconnoitering before we carried out the body. We knew that no loyal Chinese would do anything but exult at seeing us dump the body of a dead Jap officer . . . but if any Jap soldier saw us, it would be curtains!

We were lucky. The old well was only about two blocks from the building. Before we departed we dropped the Jap into one of the empty packing boxes,

which had been left in the room by the silk merchant who had formerly occupied the premises. We carried the box with the body down the steps and stealthily walked with it to the old well. We let the box down nearby, then took off the oval concrete lid of the well. After this, we reached in and pulled out the dead Jap, unceremoniously letting him slide into the water below.

"I'd like to put up a sign saying: 'DEAD JAP HERE —DON'T DRINK!'," said Alexi. "But we wouldn't dare. However, I doubt if any water will be used out of this well now that the reservoir has been repaired."

We hurried back to the apartment, lugging the box. We did not want to leave it because it was blood-stained inside.

When we reached the apartment again, Nana was lying on a cot in one corner, quite upset and nervous, now that it was all over.

It was agreed that it would not be well for me to tarry so it was necessary to say goodbye to Nana rather quickly. Alexi was considerate enough to leave the room.

I took Nana's hand and spoke with words that just didn't quite seem to come out the way they should.

"Sometime, we'll meet again, dear," I told her. "And you'll never forget that I love you, will you?"

"No, Phillip," she answered. "I shall carry you in my thoughts always . . . and I shall pray for your safety. There is still the possibility that in some way you may be able to join us in Macao."

I nodded. Somehow I knew that this would not hap-

pen, and I think she did too. She had made it plain to me previously that she was a fatalist.

“Goodbye, Phillip darling,” she whispered, as I kissed her. “We’ll come together again sometime, somewhere . . . maybe in this life . . . maybe in another . . . but nothing can really separate us . . . ever!”

* * *

CHAPTER VIII

I slept very late the next morning, having reached the point where I was becoming a little fatalistic myself . . . so many strange, weird things were happening that, maybe through boredom with terror, if such thing is possible, I had acquired a certain philosophic calm, and my nerves were much more relaxed.

My dreams quite naturally had to do with Nana. The thought of her going away, gratifying as it was to know that she would be safe, was very distressing. When would I see or hear from her again? I dared not dwell upon that! That all Americans and British would be put into a concentration camp sooner or later seemed to be certain. Everyone in the hotel had become reconciled to that thought. It was my one hope to escape. There was a chance that Alexi might be able to help me to get to Macao, and Choy would undoubtedly do everything in his power to see that I got away from Hong Kong.

It was well that I managed to assume a more fatalistic attitude, for when about to go downstairs for some more of that inevitable rice and coffee, I heard the sound of a shot. I dashed out of the room into the hallway. The business machines salesman came out of his suite not far from mine.

"Sounded like it came from this room next to mine," he exclaimed when he saw me. He knocked on the door

and received no answer. I suddenly realized that it was the room occupied by the Spaniard who had threatened to use his revolver on himself if necessary.

My salesman acquaintance, I forget his name, peered through the keyhole.

"The key is on the inside," he informed me. "We'd better break the lock."

The two of us hurled our combined weights against the paneling. The lock gave way, and we entered.

I had rather anticipated what had happened. There on the bed, a smoking revolver clutched tightly in his right hand, lay the Spaniard who had come to the door at the time I tried to find the child's mother. He had drilled a neat hole in his forehead. Death must have been instantaneous.

"He couldn't take it!" muttered the salesman.

"Probably he is better off," I said. "Our prospects are not very cheerful."

Just then a Japanese officer hurried in. He stalked over and looked down at the Spaniard with indifference. Then he turned to us and snapped:

"Get back to your quarters!"

We hurried out. I returned to my room, deciding to remain there for a decent interval, in order not to run any chance of meeting more Jap officers who no doubt be summoned to confer on the disposition of the Spaniard's body.

Maybe I was really getting calloused, for a little later I became terribly hungry and rummaged in a drawer where my little stock of groceries was kept. In it were a

few remaining cookies. I sat down and munched on them.

Relaxed by the process of eating, the suicide of my neighbor commenced to upset me. I pondered on the future. The prospect of being under the heel of such animalistic people as the Japanese for months or even years was enough to make me exceedingly despondent!

I tried to turn my mind to more pleasant matters and re-lived my last moments with Nana. In the excitement, she had never mentioned my newly grown beard! I surveyed myself in the mirror. The beard was really something! I was quite long and luxuriant. Then, in a flash it occurred to me that if anyone had seen me enter the building where Nana lived, and the whereabouts of the dead Japanese officer was looked into, my beard might be a dead giveaway! On the other hand, if it were shaved off, it might mean my detection by the other Jap officer whom I had struck. It was a case of being between the devil and the deep sea . . . to leave the beard, or to shave it off, was the question!

* * *

The problem of the beard, however, was suddenly and most dramatically settled a moment later. The door of my room was thrown open and a Japanese officer entered, followed by four Jap soldiers.

My throat tightened. A sickening sensation settled in the pit of my stomach. The Japanese officer was the one I had seen so many times in the nightmares which I experienced every night! He was the one I had knocked

out — the man for whom the beard had been grown in order to elude him!

He walked over to me, his eyes burning with hatred.

“You bastard son of a white she-devil!” he exclaimed. “You thought you could get away from me, didn’t you? You’ll find out that the Japanese are not so dumb as you filthy Americans!”

He turned to the soldiers and grinned. “Look! He grew what they call ‘Uncle Sam’s whiskers’ so we wouldn’t know him.”

The soldiers roared with laughter. I’ll admit the situation was not humorous to me! In fact, I was now literally having a cold sweat. My time had come; I was sure of that!

“I’ll teach you to strike a Japanese officer,” he cried. He pulled out a revolver and pointed it at my stomach. Then he walked over and hit me with his clenched fist.

I felt a blinding pain in my head and staggered back against the wall, but managed to keep upright.

“So, you are in the exporting business!” he went on. “You lying son of a bitch pig! You’re a spy! You came over here to help the Chinese people! I know all about you — you abortion of a she snake!”

I must digress here to say that the Japanese had some of the most unique epithets, that under ordinary circumstances, I would have considered exceedingly funny! Some of the names hurled at me at various times by the Japanese I would not care, however, to have published in this book!

“I came here to raise money for the poor people of

China," I replied in a desperate attempt to pacify the enraged man.

"You know where many prominent Chinese people are hiding," he went on.

"I know nothing about such things," I answered quickly.

He turned to his soldiers. "Bring the Yankee ——— along!" he shouted, and stalked from the room.

The four soldiers immediately surrounded me and started prodding me with their bayonets. I went on ahead of them down the stairs. The Jap officer led the procession. Everyone in the lobby stared at us wide-eyed. No doubt they all thought that my time was up! I most certainly felt the same way!

I was practically tossed into a waiting automobile and whisked away down Peddar Street. The car made a shrieking turn a few blocks from the hotel and in a few minutes came to a halt in front of a small office building, which appeared to be vacant. It had been partially wrecked by a bomb.

I was prodded up the stairs by bayonets, and on the first landing shoved into a room. The door was closed behind us. I was dully aware that the place was completely unfurnished, save for a single Chinese lamp . . . not a stick of furniture. My heart sank. It was a perfect place to kill me and leave my body! Probably my remains would not be discovered for weeks!

"Now you white cockroach bastard!" exclaimed the Jap officer, as he squared off in front of me, "tell me where your friend Choy Wai-cheun is hiding."

I realized that they knew everything about me and that all my stories about being in the importing business had been futile!

"I do not know," I answered.

"Where is Dr. C. T. Wong?"

"I do not know."

"Where is Admiral Chan Chak?"

"I know nothing of any of these people," I replied.

"You lie, you white lap dog of the Chinese!" he cried, and slapped me fiercely across the face. "You are a spy and you came here to raise money to buy weapons for the Chinese!"

"I came here to raise money for the poor of China," I answered. "I never raised a dollar to help the Chinese in their fight against Japan."

"Give me your money!" he demanded.

I took out the few dollars I had in my pocket and handed them to him. "Your men stole all the rest I had," I told him. "That's all I have left."

"Search him!" commanded my brutal tormentor. "Tear off his clothes to see if he is hiding money next to his dirty white skin."

Two of the soldiers came over and ripped the clothing from my body. They searched my pockets, the lining of my coat and the elastic band of my shorts.

"We'll waste no more time with you . . . you're not worth it!" the officer flung at me. "But you'll never hit a Japanese officer again, you offal of a leper!"

He turned to one of the soldiers and spoke rapidly in Japanese. The man grinned, nodded, then drew out a

wicked looking knife, the type which all Japanese soldiers carry in their belts.

As he came toward me with the shining weapon, a murderous smile on his swarthy face, my knees gave way from sheer terror, and I sank to the floor. *I was about to be disemboweled!*

I had heard of a number of Britishers killed in this manner . . . a typical Japanese method of murder. The realization that I was to die in such a ghastly fashion almost caused my mind to give way and make of me a slobbering idiot!

All the important events of my past life sped before me as if on some fantastic motion picture screen. Everything was jumbled. The pictures that raced through my mind were distorted . . . I saw my mother . . . but her face was three times its natural size . . . and Nana . . . she was all misty . . . terribly lean . . . almost a skeleton . . . I was playing tennis against Don Budge. The tennis ball was like a great balloon hurtling itself at me. When it came close, it took on the aspect of the earth.

I was vaguely aware that the Jap soldier was bending over me with the point of the knife poised over my stomach. Again my mother's face appeared in front of me. She seemed to be telling me to pray . . . pray the way she used to teach me as a child. "Now I lay me . . . down to sleep . . . if I should die . . ."

At that instant the door opened. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a Japanese officer enter. His coming seemed of no consequence. Yet, I was vaguely aware from his uniform that he was of high rank . . . I was to

die with full military honors!

The officer who entered looked at me for an instant, then spoke rapidly in Japanese to his subordinate, who was standing at rigid attention. Almost as soon as the high officer finished speaking, he turned and walked out.

My tormentor relaxed his erect position, a look of disappointment on his face. He gave a quick order to the soldier with the knife, and the man replaced it in his belt. Then the officer turned to me with a snarl:

"For some reason they don't want me to kill you!" he exclaimed. His mouth twisted in an evil grin. "But they didn't say that I couldn't *half kill you!*"

He turned to the soldier who had been about to disembowel me and gave an order in Japanese. The man produced a hard rubber bludgeon from his equipment and came over to me.

The weapon descended upon my shoulder. An excruciating pain ran down my spine. From then on, all I was aware of was a terrible series of blows on every part of my body. In vain I tried to protect my eyes, but the bludgeon leaped past my upraised arm, and one of my eyes seemed to sink back into my head under the force of a blow that was delivered.

I was aware that I was screaming . . . begging for mercy . . . I do not want to attempt to build myself up as being brave during it all . . . I wasn't! The pain . . . my tortured nerves . . . all I had been through left me a more or less puling wreck! I tried to hold myself upright for protection, but in a few moments I fell back and lay sprawled out on the floor, close to unconscious-

ness. Inert, unable to move, with my naked body against the cold cement floor, my torturer leaned over and delivered a terrific blow between my legs with the bludgeon. I don't know whether I screamed or not. After that moment of agonizing pain, which I shall never forget as long as I live, a black curtain descended.

* * *

CHAPTER IX

When I became aware of being in the land of the living, I found myself in my bed at the Gloucester Hotel. Two people were standing in the room—Harry Chang, the house-boy and distant relative of Choy and a benign looking Chinese gentleman whom I did not know.

They came over when they saw me looking at them. The elderly gentleman spoke:

“How do you feel?”

“Who are you?” I questioned weakly. “What happened?” My mind was utterly confused. Pains were shooting around throughout my entire body. My vision was impaired, so the two figures in the room were vague and indistinct.

Harry Chang answered, speaking rapidly:

“Two Chinese brought you here last night. I knew one of them. He confided in me that they had seen you taken into a certain building downtown by the Japanese soldiers. They sneaked up and hid near the office where you were taken and heard your screams. When the Japanese left, they went in and found that you had been beaten nearly to death. They found a paper in your pocket indicating that you lived here, and after dark, they brought you here. I summoned Dr. Poo. He has waited most of the night for you to awaken.”

“You must not try to talk too much,” warned the

elderly doctor. "You had a very narrow escape. If they had not brought you here when they did, you would have died."

As Harry Chang related what had occurred, the whole terrible ordeal came back to me. Again I re-lived my moments of horror when about to be disemboweled . . . the Japanese high officer coming in . . . and my subsequent torture. The very thought of it all sent me back into a coma!

It was two days before my mind cleared to the point where I could think rationally, and then Dr. Poo, who gave me every attention, told me that my left eye had been practically blinded, my kidneys were injured, I had suffered concussions on the head, and my entire body had been beaten almost to a pulp. He expressed the view that I would in due time recover, but must expect to have impaired vision and a lingering nerve condition.

The realization that I would have to face the ordeals ahead of me, with a sick, injured body drove me about to distraction. I wanted to resign myself and not fight — just hope that death would release me from more torment.

Then it came to me that something might happen which would allow me even yet to play some small part in helping to wipe out these devils who were perpetrating such atrocities. It was my duty to try to live and regain my health for this purpose if for nothing else.

This new attitude of mind did a lot for me. I improved considerably during the next few days. Harry

Chang attended me with a faithfulness that will remain one of the finest memories of my life. He brought me food and at times certain delicacies that he had in some miraculous way managed to obtain. He bathed and rubbed my beaten body with ointment and administered sleeping powders when it was necessary to ease my pain. To this day, that Chinese youth represents to me the greatest example of true Christian spirit of anyone I have ever known!

My thoughts, of course, turned many times to Nana. I wondered if she had arrived safely in Macao. No word had come from Alexi, and I had no means of finding out what had happened.

Dr. Poo had warned me that I should not speak of my torture by the Japanese. He explained that to do so would cause the Japanese to feel that I was a menace; that word of what had occurred to me might get back to America and result in like treatment being accorded to Japanese citizens there. The soundness of this advice was apparent, and in spite of my great desire to tell the world of the horrors that had been inflicted on me, I gave out no inkling of the cause of my illness.

On Monday morning, January 5, Harry Chang hurried into my room, obviously excited.

"They have issued a proclamation that all American, British and Dutch civilians are to be sent to a concentration camp!" he exclaimed. "They are all to go to the Merry Playground today . . . between ten and twelve this morning."

"It has come at last!" I groaned. A great wave of

despondency swept over me. How could I leave my comfortable bed in my state of health and undergo the discomforts that would inevitably have to be faced?

"I cannot leave now," I told Harry Chang. "It is impossible for me to leave until my illness is over. Please tell the Japanese officer in charge of the hotel to come up here, so that this can be explained to him."

He nodded and hurried out. After a long interval, the door opened and the Japanese officer who had his headquarters in the hotel office came in. He was rather taller than the ordinary Japanese, quite thin, and wore thick-lensed spectacles.

"What do you want to see me about?" he demanded. "Why aren't you up and getting ready to leave for the Merry Playground as ordered?"

"I am very sick," I told him. "I cannot possibly leave here for two or three weeks. I want to ask permission to stay here until I have recovered — then I will gladly go to the concentration camp."

He laughed sardonically. "You white bastard! You Yankee scum — get out of that bed and over to the Playground at once! If you don't, I'll call our soldiers, and they'll carry you over on the points of their bayonets!"

"I might have known that I could expect no mercy from you!" I cried wrathfully.

"Shut your filthy mouth!" he shouted, his eyes glittering with hatred. "If you are not downstairs in half an hour, I'll send my men up here!"

With that he turned and stalked out of the room.

With the help of Harry, I managed to get dressed. I

was terribly dizzy and the room swam about me, much as if I were on the prow of a ship in a heavy storm.

Leaning on Harry Chang's arm, I left the room and proceeded slowly downstairs. The Japanese officer was in the lobby. He looked at me belligerently as we walked to the entrance of the hotel. He did not speak.

I felt a trifle better when we emerged into the fresh air. But I had to take it very easily and it was almost an hour before we finally arrived at the Merry Playground. At every corner I had to sit down and rest.

Harry Chang left me at the entrance to the Playground.

"I dare not go farther," he informed me.

I took his hand. "I can never forget all you have done for me, Harry — some day, maybe I can prove my gratitude."

"Try to carry on and tell your story to the great American people," he replied. "If you do that, you will be doing something for me and all of the other loyal Chinese."

"I promise upon my honour to do that, Harry," I said. I am not ashamed to admit that my eyes were salty as I watched him hurry off down the street.

I entered the playground. At the gates were some Japanese soldiers. Evidently they did not approve of my slow movements for they prodded me none too gently with the points of their bayonets.

There were probably about two or three thousand Britishers, Americans and Dutch there in the grounds of the recreation center. They were a pathetic lot . . . stand-

ing around with bewildered faces or seated on the lawn waiting patiently for what was going to happen. Japanese officers and soldiers were stationed at various points. They took delight in shoving their victims around and occasionally slapping someone's face. Nothing gave them greater pleasure than to slap an enemy. No doubt they felt that this would cause the individual to "lose face," which to them was one of the worst things that could happen.

I had to lie down on the grass, already utterly exhausted. In my hand was clutched a paper sack containing a clean shirt, socks, underwear and a toothbrush. Harry Chang warned me not to take anything more as I would be lucky if I held on to a few little items. He told me not to take a razor. Probably he thought I might get despondent and use it suicidally upon myself—or was it that he feared the Japs would consider it a weapon?

After what seemed an interminable wait, some Japanese officers came over to us and ordered that we pair off and head towards the entrance. The soldiers under them hurried this procedure as usual with threatening motions of their bayonets and sometimes dug the sharp points of these weapons into the backs of the stragglers.

I tottered to my feet and joined up with a rugged looking American, whom I was soon to get to know very intimately. We didn't dare speak to each other, but he gave me a look of concern as he saw how valiantly I was trying to stand up straight. That I was ill must have been very apparent.

We were ordered to march, so two by two we started off. I glanced back and saw a long line of people following.

With soldiers and officers walking alongside of us, we made our way as directed for a number of blocks through the city. Then as we reached an alleyway, an officer stepped in behind my companion and me and gave orders that all the people in front of us should turn down the alley.

As we followed these instructions, I looked back to see that the other people were marching on to some other destination.

In a few moments we came to a dilapidated four-story building situated in this filthy alley. It was one of the worst parts of the city. The streets were filled with refuse and the odor was almost unbearable.

We were directed to enter the building. Slowly we climbed four flights of rickety stairs until we reached the top floor. We came out into a long hall branching off of which were a number of tiny rooms.

I decided it was safe to talk to my neighbor and asked:

“What kind of place is this?”

“An abandoned house of prostitution,” he told me. “Didn’t you notice—it’s called the Stag Hotel. I remember the place—been in the city a long time—one of the lowest dens of vice at one time in Hong Kong. Those little rooms are where the women plied their trade.”

My companion and I, with the two men in front of us and the two men behind us, were shoved into one of

these cubby-holes off the corridor. The door was slammed shut and locked. There was a little square hole in the door and as I was nearest to it, I looked out and saw that the other internees were being shoved into the other little rooms—at about the same ratio: six to a room!

I looked around. Here we were—six fairly good sized men in a room that would have been quite uncomfortable for two people! It was about ten feet long and six or seven feet wide. It was unfurnished save for a wooden bench, formerly used I decided by the prostitute, and a small stand with crockery bowl and pitcher, the other necessary appliances of a woman in that type of work (or whatever it's called).

"Well, this is it," said the man who had marched by my side on the way over. "Might as well get acquainted. I'm Wesley Farnham, late of the Sun Oil Company."

We exchanged names and quick references as to our past occupations. I found that besides Mr. Farnham, I had as cell-mates, Mr. James Coulter, Dick Craig and Archie Stalker, three Scotchmen who had been working for the Taichoo Dock Yards in Hong Kong. The other gentleman was Mr. Jules Rottenberg, a Jew from New York City, who had been representing his company, a wool importing concern, in Shanghai. He had been caught in Hong Kong during the invasion.

"Do they expect us all to stay in this chicken coop?" demanded Rottenberg.

"Evidently," Farnham told him. He seemed to take everything lightly. It was apparent from his appearance

and attitude that he had been a leader of men. "What more could we expect from those Jap bastards!"

I had by now reached the point where I could not stand any longer, so I sank to the damp floor and leaned back against the wall. The trip had been too much for me. I was feverish. My bones ached terrifically.

Farnham looked down at me appraisingly.

"Say, fellow," he said. "You're ill, aren't you?"

"They made me get out of bed at the hotel," I explained. "I'm sick and as weak as a kitten."

"Men," Farnham said, addressing the others, "I move that we let Harman here have the pleasure couch. We'll sleep on the floor. How about it?"

They all voiced their willingness to give up the single bench, which had no bedding—just a smooth surface with an oval board at the back.

Grateful, I got up and threw myself down on the contraption, utterly spent.

Later the door was unlocked. A Jap officer looked in and spoke:

"You are free to go to the toilet or walk up and down the hall—but don't let me catch any of you white bastards trying to leave the building!"

The others immediately left the already overly close atmosphere of the little room to walk up and down the hallway. I relapsed into a sort of stupor and had a series of horrible dreams . . . re-lived the beating I had received, except that instead of Japs, my torturers were serpent-like creatures with long white hot irons.

I finally awoke in a cold sweat and saw that it was

almost totally dark in the room, with just a faint ray of light coming through the little aperture in the door. I heard snoring coming from the floor and realized that my companions were stretched out asleep. I had evidently been in my curious coma-like state for a number of hours.

But now my nerves were in such condition that I could not lose consciousness again. I stayed awake all night listening to their snoring and trying to adjust myself to being transferred suddenly from a pleasant room to a rat-hole with five other men.

My stomach was empty, but evidently no food had been served, for if it had, I felt sure Farnham would have awakened me and seen that I had something to eat. This was confirmed the next morning. None of them had been given a single bite of food!

CHAPTER X

So my life began at that old house of prostitution in Hong Kong!

That morning each of us was given a small bowl of rice and some weak tea, without any cutlery. We had to eat with our fingers. As much as I hated rice, I was so famished I devoured it greedily, as did the others.

We were informed by the Jap who brought us the food that we would be allowed the freedom of the floor as well as of the roof, but that we were to be in our rooms at eight o'clock at night.

During the first meager meal, we entered into discussions of our situation and what had already happened to us. My companions had witnessed rape and brutality as I had. Coulter, Craig and Stalker were very bitter and discouraged about the future. Farnham took a philosophic view of the situation, and Rottenberg assumed a definitely humorous slant. The big Jewish salesman had the ability to make wise-cracks about everything, in a way that made us laugh in spite of ourselves.

After "breakfast" I went out into the hall to look for the bathroom. A Chinese boy, who was working for the Japs by doing odd jobs on the floor, showed me where it was located. I found about thirty people waiting in line. There was only one toilet on the floor to be used by over sixty people!

This line of people waiting for this single sanitary facility stretched out across the stairway. I saw a Japanese soldier come up. As he pushed his way between the people blocking his path, he turned on them and stood for a moment slapping men and women in the face. One of them was an elderly woman. Evidently it was her husband standing beside her. When he witnessed his wife being so insulted, he lost control of himself. His fist shot out and struck the Japanese soldier, who becoming unbalanced by the blow went toppling headlong down the stairs.

We crowded around the man. He was a slender, aesthetic little fellow. How he had summoned strength to give the Jap such a neat crack, I could not fathom. But we all realized that he was up against a terrible situation! Several of us stood telling him that he had better try to hide out somewhere—maybe on the roof. His wife started sobbing.

But it was too late to do anything for the man. Two other Japanese soldiers came stomping up the steps followed by the one who had been struck. The latter was nursing his jaw. His lips were bloody. He pointed at the little man who had hit him. His two companions seized the victim and pulled him down the stairs.

No one ever heard of that man again. I learned that his wife became insane from grief and shock!

The incident left a terrible psychological reaction on Farnham, Rottenberg, me and the others in our little room. I know that we all felt like cowards at not coming to the aid of the tiny Britisher who had acted so bravely

. . . and yet we all knew that it would simply mean that we also would have been taken out and shot. We had no doubt but that the man had been executed.

The dreary days that followed seemed endless. We tried to forget our troubles in discussions, but gradually we ran out of subjects to talk about, and our chatter became desultory and boring.

We had the habit of going on the roof in the morning to get sunshine and air as the cubby-hole in which we were forced to sleep was by morning fetid and almost uninhabitable. Imagine six adults in a room hardly larger than a good sized closet!

I was, of course, not gaining any strength through the food I was getting. We were now served rice twice a day and sometimes on rare occasions, a little fish. The kitchen of the place was supervised by a Chinese cook. He sent expressions of regret by the boy on duty on our floor that he could not serve other rations. One morning he conveyed the word that he had his eye on two plump dogs and that possibly we could look forward to a little meat on the following day!

Sure enough, the next evening we were given some chunks of meat in our bowl of rice. Ordinarily, we would have promptly disposed of it and not via our stomachs, but we were so starved that we ate it. To my surprise, it was rather tasty and somewhat like rabbit meat.

"Chow dog, heap good chow," cracked Rottenberg when he had finished.

Shortly after we had finished this exceptional meal,

an elderly German doctor was ushered into our room by a Japanese soldier. He opened his valise and took out a hypodermic syringe and some vials.

“What’s that?” demanded Farnham.

“Typhoid serum,” the doctor replied crisply.

We were forced to submit ourselves to the injections. I was on the point of putting up resistance to this, having heard that just before the war started in North China, the Japs had injected disease germs into the Chinese. However, it had come to the point where I cared little whether I lived or died, so I extended my arm for the injection. None of us suffered any ill effects.

The three Scotchmen and I soon started to suffer from dysentery. The absence of necessary vitamins in our food brought this on. This ailment, added to my nervous condition and emaciation, made my life unbearable.

The women internees soon became pitiable objects. At first they had tried to keep up an appearance, but lack of sufficient water and soap, and the filthy conditions under which they had to live, made it impossible. In a few weeks, many of them resembled the frowsy women of the worst type of slum districts in our big cities.

Everyone had the privilege of changing rooms. In this way husbands and wives with children managed to get together, sharing of course a room with others. I heard of several instances where the Japanese soldiers had endeavored to rape some of the women internees, although I did not see such episodes.

After the first week of our incarceration, we were in-

formed that anyone having money could send out for additional food. This was the most cheering news we could have been given because it had reached the point where we actually were in a state of semi-starvation.

I had little money, but immediately sent out for some good drinking water and some oatmeal. The Chinese cook had let it be known that he would cook any of this additional food supply for us (for a reward, of course!). The next morning I had oatmeal instead of rice, which at home would not have meant much, but to me it was heavenly.

My nerves were still in terrible condition and I had so little strength that sometimes, due to my trembling hands, I would drop my food before getting it to my mouth. I refused firmly to allow the other men in the room to give me the exclusive use of the couch, so we took turns—one night in six we slept with some comfort.

At the outrageous prices we had to pay for the food we purchased on the outside, it was not long before we were all without funds.

I'll never forget the first night we made this discovery. We had searched our pockets in an effort to find enough money to buy a little extra rations, but none of us had a dime. At just about that time the odor of food from the restaurant next door was wafted up to us. It was a Chinese eating place where the Japanese officers devoured the best of foods obtainable.

"I still have my wrist watch," Farnham informed us. "We'll send this down to the Chinese cook next door and see if he won't exchange it for a meal for all of us."

He was the most generous of men and his offer to sacrifice his watch that we might have a good meal established him in the hearts of all of us.

We were not fated to eat any of the appetizing food we had been smelling, for the boy returned with Wesley's watch and informed us that the Chinese cook had sent word that he was too closely watched to take a chance.

One morning a Japanese soldier appeared at the door and informed me that I had a visitor. I sensed a trap of some kind. It might be that they wanted to get me out to punish me—possibly they had heard some rumor concerning a dead Jap in an old well!

My hesitation only resulted in the soldier taking me by the arm and dragging me outside, then ordering me to go on downstairs.

I was guided to a window in a room on the first floor which overlooked the sidewalk and through it was overjoyed to see my friend Choy! The Jap soldier told me that I could talk to him through the screened window, and departed.

Choy quickly informed me that he had managed to get a pass which gave him the freedom of the city. He said that he was leaving shortly for Macao and from there would go to Chungking.

"Thank God, Choy," I told him, "you are getting out of this. Do you think if you arrive at Chungking you could manage to send word to my family in San Francisco that I am safe?"

"I am sure of it," he told me. "I only wish I could

arrange your escape, but it seems impossible. Every outlet to the city is so well guarded that for a white man to attempt to leave might lead to his death. All I can do is to give you this money, Phillip, and my prayers for your safety."

He stuck a thick roll of bills through a hole in the screen. I quickly put the money into my pocket, thanking him profoundly for his thoughtfulness. I thought of Farnham's watch and our disappointment the previous evening at not being able to get food at the restaurant. With this money we could all have many a feast!

Choy did not dare to stay long. I think we both knew when we said good-bye, that it would be a long, long time before we met again.

* * *

With the several hundreds of dollars that Choy had given me, life became almost bearable for us in the little room. We had corned beef, sugar, sometimes a bit of butter and above all, cookies and candy. We had missed having something sweet more than anything else, as sugar was never served with the rice.

The first night that we feasted we all became very expansive. The stimulus of the food brought back our desire to talk. As might be expected, where six men are thrown together in close quarters, our topic turned to women. Rottenberg started it by declaring that every man should tell very frankly what he thought of women and if he refused to do so he would have to forfeit his share of the next meal that we purchased. They all took it for granted that my money was to be used for the

common cause. Naturally I felt they were my partners in a tragic situation and, therefore, it was right that they should take this attitude.

The three Scotchmen were almost unanimous in declaring that woman's place was in the home, to cook and to raise babies. They all denounced the new freedom of women and the inroads they were making in the more masculine phases of life. Rottenberg, an utter cynic, declared that women were nothing but creatures of emotion, undependable, and never to be taken seriously.

It was my turn next and I felt my face get red when they smiled at me. I stammered and stuttered, but finally declared courageously:

"I don't know much about women in general, but somewhere in Macao I hope, is a girl that represents all women to me. And so if you ask me what I think of them—I say they're wonderful!"

The laughter that followed my little speech disconcerted me plenty, and I hastily demanded that Farnham render his viewpoint on the feminine sex.

"I would be a damned fool if I pretended to know anything about women," he said. "To me they are complex, unmathomable creatures . . . and I doubt if any man ever probes the real depths of a woman. So whatever you say about them, they're capable of keeping us men interested and in a dither all the time."

I quote this little discussion among us as an example of some of our evenings of confab. At other times, our being so closely together led to debates that almost ended in fist fights. This is not to be wondered at when you

take into consideration the fact that we could not move without touching elbows. Group confinement in a filthy hole such as the one occupied by us is apt to do strange things to anybody!

Next to our food problems, our greatest worry was in regard to our clothing and physical cleanliness. It was impossible of course to bathe. There was not enough water and no bathtub was available. None of us had any change of clothing other than a shirt, and in a few weeks a beachcomber would have turned up his nose at us! We all had beards (mine was a beauty by now!), our hair was matted, our clothes stained and ragged, and the place was alive with vermin. Relating such things is naturally distasteful, but we Americans must realize that until the Japanese are utterly subdued, every one of our boys who is taken prisoner by them will no doubt suffer the same treatment or worse.

One day I was again told by the Jap soldier on guard on our floor that I had a visitor. This time I went willingly, thinking that Choy had not as yet left the city and had returned to see me.

To my surprise and joy I saw Alexi outside the window. Almost before he could greet me, I blurted out the inevitable question:

“Nana—is she safe?”

He smiled and nodded. “She is in Macao with my father. They are both well and expect soon to be able to leave for free China. I have heard from her through underground means and she told me if I saw you to tell you . . .” he paused tantalizingly.

"What . . . what?" I demanded almost jumping through the screen.

"That she thinks of you all the time—and loves you so very much," he answered with a smile.

"And if you get word to her will you return to her the same message?" I asked. He must have seen something in my eyes for his voice was a little husky when he answered:

"I will do that, Phillip. But now I must tell you what I know about your future. I am afraid to stay too long. My status is none too certain in Hong Kong."

"You mean you know what is to be done with us?" I asked, eagerly.

"You are all to be sent to St. Stephens College," he answered. "They are turning it into an internment camp." He came closer and spoke in a whisper. "It may be that I could help you escape from there. I have certain connections in Stanley that may prove valuable for that purpose. Keep on the alert and do all in your power to keep from getting in wrong with the Japanese in charge out there. Do you understand?"

I nodded. "I'll pray that you can do something, Alexi," I told him, "but not if it will cause you any danger."

Alexi pressed the palm of his hand against the screen and I placed mine so that our palms touched. Then he hurried away.

When I returned to my cell I found that my companions were arguing.

"I'll wager that they send us to an internment camp,"

said Farnham. "They can't keep us here forever. We'd die on their hands. Nobody can stand this racket indefinitely."

"I'll bet they send us to Formosa," said Rottenberg.

"I think it will be one of the islands," asserted Dick Craig.

"You're wrong," I broke in. "I have just learned that we are to be sent to St. Stephens College at Stanley!"

Having given them this important information, I went over to a corner and squatted on the floor to dream of Nana and exult in the message she had conveyed to me through her brother.

* * *

Alexi's information turned out to be correct. On January 22, we were informed that all enemy aliens in Hong Kong were to be transferred to a concentration camp at St. Stephens College, located on the other side of the island.

Early the following morning we were all ready to leave, as instructed. Each one of us had a few pitiful belongings. I even took a little spoon I had made out of a tin can. We had never been provided with any appliances with which to eat.

A number of Japanese soldiers and officers came into the hallway and directed us to march down the stairs, two by two. As before, Wesley Farnham and I walked together.

Outside we were forced to wait about two hours. The thought of what was ahead of me made me desperate and I looked around wondering whether it would be

possible to make a break . . . leave the line and mingle with the crowds of curious Chinese, then in some way hide out until I could find a way to leave the city.

While contemplating some such drastic action, I saw something that turned my mind from the thought. On the opposite side of the street a Chinese coolie had ventured to cross with the idea of peddling to us some cookies which he had in a basket.

A Japanese soldier walked over to him and with trick of jiu jitsu felled him to the pavement, the pitiful little supply of cookies being scattered and broken. When the coolie arose the soldier took out his bludgeon and hit him over the head.

Again the dazed Chinese arose and again the Jap soldier threw him with jiu jitsu. Time after time this procedure was repeated, each time the coolie getting up with greater difficulty. His head was bleeding and his body bruised and torn.

Finally the coolie was given a blow on the head with the bludgeon that apparently killed him—or at least he lay in a death-like attitude in the gutter.

At times this brutal, ferocious Jap soldier would look over at us and grin, making it evident that he was putting on the sadistic, murderous spectacle for our benefit and to impress upon us how fully we were under the heel of the Japanese!

We were all a very sickened group of people when at last we were ordered to march.

Under the stares of curious Chinese, we finally reached the docks and were loaded on board the Star

Ferry, which formerly went from Hong Kong to Kowloon across the harbor.

The trip on this ferry consumed about two hours and this little period of being on the water and away from the stench of the house of prostitution made me feel a little better.

When we docked, I walked ashore alongside Wesley Farnham. We had come to feel that we were fated to team up. I carried a paper sack which contained my little belongings . . . a toothbrush, a frayed shirt, a bit of soap which I had purchased with the money Choy had given to me, and several other odds and ends.

We found a small reception committee awaiting us . . . a number of American and British men, who had been sent on ahead to get the place ready for us.

Wesley and I were directed to follow a dirt road to the Superintendent's Club, which was to be the quarters of the bachelors.

As we walked along, Wesley suddenly grabbed my arm and pointed towards a clump of bushes nearby. There sprawled out was the dead body of a Canadian soldier. It had evidently been there for days.

"The bastards won't bury enemy dead," Wesley informed me. "They just leave them to rot!"

I turned away nauseated. This sick feeling in my stomach was not helped by the sight of other decomposing bodies of valiant soldiers who had put up a fierce resistance to the Japanese invasion.

At last we found the Superintendent's Club and entered. The building had been bombed and shelled, as

had all of the other buildings at the College. The windows were blown out, debris was scattered on the floor, and the whole place was more or less of a shambles.

We finally selected a room at the corner having two windows with glass fairly intact, and a place that allowed for the entrance of the noon sun. There was no furniture in the room except a battered table and two chairs and one very precious item—a soiled rug!

Utterly exhausted, weak from lack of proper food, and my nerves shattered, I flopped down on the rug. In a moment I was asleep. All I remembered was Wesley looking down at me; then a black curtain descended.

The next day I felt a little better and went out into the compound to get the lay of the land. I found that St. Stephens College, a former boys' school, had been given over to the British internees, about 2,500 in all. The Dutch were quartered in some small houses near the club building. The Japanese officers had a large building near the water. This structure had formerly been used by the teachers at the college.

At the far side of the grounds was the Hong Kong Prison. Near the building housing the Japanese officers, there was, I noticed with interest, a tennis court.

The entire place was in chaotic condition . . . windows broken, walls smashed in, the grounds strewn with rubbish and dotted with great holes where shells had exploded. The compound was encircled by high, closely knit, barbed-wire fencing along which Japanese soldiers patrolled continually.

While sauntering around in an effort to get used to

the place and adjust my mind to the probability of being there maybe for years, I came upon a young British girl standing at the barbed-wire fence. She was staring off into the field beyond.

Something in her white face and staring eyes attracted me and I looked out to see what caused her such fascination. As I came close, she was muttering:

"Oh, Gerald . . . Gerald . . ." There was a deeply tragic note in her voice.

Then I saw what it was. Beyond the fence was the body of a young British soldier, terribly torn by bullet wounds.

I went over to the girl and said:

"Pardon . . . but is . . . is he related to you?"

She turned an agonized face to me and nodded.

"He's my brother," she answered. Her voice broke and she sank to the ground sobbing wildly.

I knelt down beside her and tried to soothe her.

"Why don't they give him a decent burial?" she cried. "Why must he lie there in the sun? Why does God allow such terrible people to live, to kill men like my brother who never harmed anyone in his life!"

At last I managed to get her to her feet and to help her walk to the college building where she was staying with the other British internees.

When we reached the building, she took my hand and gave me a look of gratitude I shall never forget.

"Thanks," she said. "Thanks—so much. I'm sorry I caused you all of this trouble." With that she turned and ran into the house.

I walked back to the club and on the way looked over at the Japanese soldiers patrolling the grounds. In all of my life I had dreaded the thought of hating anyone . . . but now my soul was filled with hatred for these rat-like men who were human in aspect only!

Reaching the structure that we called home, I found all of the men interned there congregated in the recreation room. Wesley Farnham was standing on a chair talking to them.

"Men," he was saying, "we might as well face this situation in a business-like attitude. In order to keep typhoid and other diseases away from us, we shall have to get busy and clean this place, as well as the grounds around here. I motion that we organize . . . select a chairman, secretary—do it all in accepted parliamentary fashion."

There was unanimous approval to this suggestion.

"I move we elect Farnham to have charge of all details!" shouted someone.

This motion was quickly seconded and carried. Wesley was given the rather nebulous title of "Chief of Police."

Further elections took place. E. F. Gingles, former commissary steward in the United States Navy, was appointed cook. This was a selection that met with unanimous approval. Gingles' restaurant in Hong Kong had been famous for its cuisine. Gingles was an amazing character and a born leader. He was about fifty-five years of age, and he weighed over three hundred pounds. I think if it had not been for his genius at

making "something out of nothing" in the way of food, none of us would have lived to tell the story.

So it was that we organized. In the days that followed we were all assigned different duties. I had been called upon to supervise the cleaning of the grounds around the building. The club officers knew of my illness and that I was too weak to do any manual labor, so they thoughtfully gave me a job which did not entail arduous work.

In a couple of weeks we had the ground and buildings fairly ship-shape. At least we had cleared up the debris and fought the various insects and rodents swarming around the buildings, to the point where there was a reasonable sanitation.

It was rather pitiful to see these lean, gaunt men at work . . . our rations of rice and a bit of fish now and then had told on the strength of everyone. Each man had lost a great deal of weight. I was down to about one hundred ten pounds, whereas I had formerly weighed nearly one hundred forty.

Also, during the past few days I had noticed that my ankles were swelling. Wesley had informed me, a little callously I thought, that I was developing beri-beri! He poked his finger into the flesh around my ankle. The spot where his finger touched remained white for a long time. This, he said, was a symptom of the dreaded disease. But it was to be expected. It was hardly possible for a white man, an American, to live on a diet of rice without suffering through lack of proper vitamins.

I became a little ambitious one morning and tried to lift some sand-bags that had been placed around the

club house by the brave British and Canadian defenders before the invasion. I collapsed on top of one of the bags and had to be carried to my quarters. For two days I was unable to get out of my room and was forced to lie on the floor with nothing but pain and my thoughts.

During this time my nerves must have become more unstrung, because I was obsessed with the idea that I was going mad! I had all sorts of weird psychological impressions . . . such as trying to figure out the best way to die, whether by striking a Jap soldier or spitting in an officer's face!

I found that I could draw away from these morbid thoughts only by turning my mind to my home in San Francisco or to Nana. Nana seemed to be very close to me, somehow, and I heard her whispering: "You must bear up, Phillip . . . you must . . . you are young . . . you will live through it . . ."

The third day, feeling a little better and my mind being more logical, I went out in the fresh air and seated myself in the shade by the side of the club house.

I suddenly felt a tug at my ragged coat sleeve. There stood the mountainous Gingles holding a little package wrapped in a newspaper. He gave it to me.

"Eat it quickly, keed," he said. "It will be good for you."

He left hurriedly. I opened the package . . . a bar of chocolate! It was the first bit of sweet food I had received for a long time!

My tiny bit of pleasure was to be spoiled, however, because a Jap soldier saw me and came over.

"Why are you sitting there staring at me, you white bastard, son-of-a-bitch?" he demanded. He knocked the piece of chocolate from my hand and slapped me across the cheek. Then he prodded me with his bayonet, ordering me to get up and move indoors.

The man who had charge of the camp was a former Japanese barber by the name of Yamasita. He was a little, wizened man who had formerly plied his trade at the Hong Kong Hotel. When the invasion started, he threw off his disguise as a barber and blossomed forth as an officer in the Japanese army. He appeared wearing a Japanese colonel's uniform!

It can be imagined how a man who had been in the habit of taking tips from Americans and Britishers gloated over the chance to rule some three thousand white people! He now had a chance to be lord and master over the men he formerly waited upon in a subservient capacity. He made the best of his position by doing everything possible to see that we were treated like the scum of the earth. This was probably the reason for the Jap soldier slapping me. By so doing he would no doubt win the approval of his commander, Colonel Yamasita.

That night Jules Rottenberg came into our room. He started pacing up and down nervously.

"What's wrong?" I demanded-

"I think I'll go nuts if I don't get a cigarette!" he exclaimed. "Imagine doing without them when a fellow has been in the habit of smoking three packs a day!"

I could not stretch my imagination that far, as I had

never smoked, but I did appreciate that it must be pretty tough to have to break such a habit as that.

"If I had some money I could wangle a pack of those filthy Pirate cigarettes," he told me.

I had a little money left. "How much are they a pack?" I asked.

"I would have to bribe one of the guards," he said. "They used to sell for two cents American money. Now they are three dollars and fifty a pack."

I fished out the necessary money and gave it to him, without informing him that this left me practically penniless. But he would have done the same for me.

* * *

CHAPTER XI

It was several days after that when a horrible thing occurred.

My general health had been getting worse and worse. The beri-beri which had started was affecting me more as the days went by. The continued diet of rice and a little fish at intervals was making it worse. To add to this I was suffering from dysentery and my left eye was in bad condition through my torture in Hong Kong. It might be said that I was very much of a physical wreck!

It was a warm, sunny day. Practically everyone in the club building was out on the grounds getting some air. I went out onto the verandah of the building and seated myself in the sun, hoping to get rid of a dizziness and heart palpitation that I had been experiencing all morning.

A woman came up to me and inquired for a man by the name of Towers, who she said was staying in our building. I did not remember him but told her that he might be inside. She was a nice appearing Dutch woman of middle age.

Shortly thereafter I heard a woman's scream coming from inside. I arose and rushed into the building. The screaming was renewed and I went over to one of the rooms at the far side of the hallway, from which the cries of the woman emanated.

I managed to push open the door but hardly had done so when I was overcome by a fainting spell. I had been having these at intervals. I saw flashes of light in front of my eyes and collapsed on the floor.

Complete unconsciousness, however, did not ensue, and before my blurred vision I saw on a cot in the far corner of the room a Japanese soldier raping the woman who had come in to ask for Mr. Towers. The soldier had evidently spied her in the room and came in through the window.

The woman had stopped yelling. I was dimly aware that the Jap soldier had stuffed a handkerchief in her mouth. He was attacking her with the brutal passion of a beast.

Horried, I tried to get my numb limbs to function again . . . but to no avail . . . I got half way to my feet and toppled over. This time I went out like a light.

When I regained consciousness, the room was empty. The woman and the soldier were gone.

At first I thought I had dreamed it all . . . had an hallucination. But when able to get up, I saw the sleeve of a woman's dress on the cot. It had evidently been torn loose from her dress. The evidence was conclusive that the rape had actually happened. The soldier had actually assaulted this woman while I was lying there helpless to do anything for her!

When I managed to stagger back to our room, Farnham was there. Incoherently, I told him what had happened, and then started crying like a child. The whole thing was too much for me!

Farnham made me lie down with my overcoat under my head. With his usual ability to pull most anything out of a hat, he produced some sleeping tablets and gave them to me, with the result that I finally fell asleep.

To my amazement, the next morning Wesley Farnham appeared bearing an old dish-pan containing a bowl of oatmeal, some real milk and two fried eggs!

"Here, kid," he said. "Gingles prepared this special for you. What you need is some real food."

"But how did you wangle it?" I demanded, as I tore into the food as if eating were a new experience.

"Two or three of the Britishers have bank rolls," he told me with a grin. "I taught them how to play American poker."

I smiled. I knew Farnham was an excellent poker player. At the Stag Hotel in Hong Kong he and the Scotchmen played many evenings with match sticks for stakes. The cards they had used were so dirty one could hardly distinguish what was on the face of them.

Always in my memory there will be that outstanding realization of the kindness and generosity of Wesley Farnham. He is now an officer in the United States Navy.

I regained some strength with this additional food, and in a couple of days was able to get out and walk around.

The lack of proper vitamins in the food had also caused me a great deal of trouble with my teeth, which had become so brittle and chalk-like that frequently bits of them would break off as I ate. There were only about one-half dozen dentists in the camp, and it was prac-

tically impossible to get any attention from them. Imagine so few dentists for about three thousand people! They were of course interneers and not provided by the Japanese. One had to make an appointment with them two months or more in advance and even then there was little they could do through lack of materials.

Now that my strength had returned somewhat, I started taking a more academic interest in my situation. I made inquiries in regard to the health of those in the camp and found that well over fifty percent were suffering, as I was, from beri-beri and dysentery. A hospital had been installed, but it was entirely inadequate to cope with the prevalent illnesses.

Dr. Dean Smith, in April, 1942, compiled a report on the health conditions at the camp. He found that since the arrival of the interneers in the camp there was an average loss of weight among the healthy ones of about twenty pounds per person. As for those suffering from illnesses caused through improper diet there was an average loss of thirty-five pounds. This included men, women and children. Dr. Smith became alarmed at the rapid drop in blood pressure. Almost everyone suffered from eye weakness. I, myself, found that at night my sight was very bad.

The children suffered even more than the adults due to lack of milk. From time to time the Japs gave them small quantities of milk but not nearly enough to keep them in health and allow them proper growth.

At the beginning of May nearly one-third of the interneers were suffering from beri-beri to the extent that

they had to be hospitalized. I heard of no deaths from this disease although it has very injurious effects upon the heart.

Many people in the camp were suffering from ulcers of the mouth. Frequently I would see men, women and children with ghastly looking sores on their lips.

Scurvy was also prevalent during the early months of our detention, but it was found that by using the pine needles which could be gathered in the compound, this trouble could be prevented.

At no time during my imprisonment did I have a bed to sleep upon. Wesley and I slept on the floor, using our torn and frayed overcoats for blankets. We finally got used to this. I remember the first night after my release when I had to lie in a bed I found that I could not sleep . . . so got up and went to sleep on the floor!

One day, Gingles, the cook, introduced me to a very famous character—General Maurice Cohen, a Jewish gentleman who had come from Canada some thirty years before. He was known as “Two Gun Cohen” and had formerly been body-guard to Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the founder of the Chinese Republic, who is held in the same reverence in China as our own Abraham Lincoln is in the United States.

I became quite well acquainted with “Two Gun Cohen.” He was a massive man, weighing about two hundred fifty pounds without one ounce of fat. He had a gift of gab and could out talk anybody. In spite of his rather ferocious appearance, he was probably one of the kindest, most generous men I have ever known.

Giving the shirt off one's back is a common expression. Well, I actually saw General Cohen do that very thing! One of the Dutchmen in the camp had become shirtless when a heartless Jap soldier deliberately dropped a lighted cigarette on his only shirt. The poor fellow went around in the cold mornings shivering. General Cohen saw him and actually took off his own shirt and tossed it to the man with a gruff order to put it on. The following day, however, General Cohen was wearing a new shirt. When I asked him where he got it, he showed me a marking on it that indicated it came from Tokyo! He had stolen it from some Jap soldier!

There were quite a number of renegade Chinese working around the camp in the pay of the Japanese. Most of them would do anything for a reward, so it was possible to buy additional food supplies if one had sufficient money; also to receive communications from friends in Hong Kong.

It was through one of these Chinese satellites of the Japanese that I received a communication from Alexi. One day while walking around the compound, one of these Chinese renegades came over to me.

"You are named Harman?" he demanded.

"That's right," I told him.

He pulled out a soiled envelope from inside his shirt and waved it in front of my nose.

"I have a letter for you from a friend in Hong Kong."

I reached out eagerly. I was sure it was from Alexi. Maybe it contained some word from Nana!

"Oh, no," the Chinese said as he stuck it back in his

shirt. "No give to you unless you pay."

"But you were paid to give it to me!" I exclaimed. I knew that this must be the case or he would never have bothered to smuggle it in to me.

The man grinned. "You Americans say—'So what?' I say—'So what?'"

"Damn it!" I swore in exasperation. "Give me that letter!"

"You pay me ten dollars, I give it to you," he replied and stepped back, afraid I was about to attack him.

I stared at the man wrathfully. He was carrying the first communication from the outside thus far to reach me and I could not read it without forking over ten dollars. I didn't have a dime!

As I stood there wondering what to do, I remembered the love of the Chinese for gambling. I looked around on the ground and picked up the top of an old tin can. On one side of it was some lettering. The other side was blank.

"Listen," I said to him. "We'll gamble on whether you give me the letter for nothing, or I pay you for it. How about it?"

He hesitated, then nodded. "You pay more than ten dollars, I win," he asked.

I agreed. "We'll throw this piece of tin in the air," I told him. "If it comes down on the side with the printing on it, you give me the letter for nothing. If it comes down on the side without any printing, I pay you twenty dollars for the letter. Is that all right?"

I had to repeat the idea several times before he quite

understood; then he accepted the wager almost eagerly.

"This side," he said pointing to the one with the wording, "I give you letter without money. This side," he turned the bit of tin over, "you give me twenty dollars?"

"That's it," I answered.

"I throw it into the air," he said suspiciously.

I nodded. As he made ready to toss it, I said a prayer that I would win. If I didn't, I would probably never know what the envelope contained!

He tossed the bit of tin into the air. We both bent over to see which side was face up. To my joy it was the side with the printing. I had won!

I will say for even the renegade Chinese who steal without provocation, they are always honorable and honest in their gambling. A look of disappointment came into the man's face, but he promptly handed me the letter.

"You lucky!" he muttered and hurried off.

I went to my room. Wesley was over at the warehouse. He had been ordered by the Japs to help unload a carload of dried fruit. He had promised to bring me some that evening.

I opened the envelope and saw that it was indeed a missive from Alexi, but the wording of the inclosure left me dizzy. Here is what he wrote:

"Dear Phillip:

I am playing a tennis match on April 28 at about twelve o'clock in the evening, with one of the leading players from Tokyo. I wanted to ask your advice. Do you think it would be a good maneuver

if I ran to the northwest end of the court and make a serve from there to disconcert my opponent? I mean to stand near the fence in that corner of the tennis court and watch until my opponent comes forward. I think I could get away with it, if you were in a spiritual sense standing on the other side of the inclosure to pull for me. If I don't hear from you will know that you agree it is a good move for me to make in this tennis game.

Best wishes, Alexi."

I scratched my head in bewilderment. I never heard of such tennis tactics! Then I chuckled. 'The meaning of the note came to me. It was all very simple. Alexi was conveying to me that if I could be at the northwest corner of the compound at midnight on April 28, some one would be on the other side of the barbed wire fence to help me get away—no doubt to lead me to a hidden sampan at the water's edge which would take me to Macao . . . to Nana!

My heart was filled with joy at the thought of having the possible chance to escape! Then disillusionment crept in. How could I get out and go to the barbed wire fence at midnight on April 28? It seemed impossible because the grounds were so closely guarded. But my mind was made up. In some way I would attempt it! The thought of staying on in the encampment to die sooner or later from beri-beri or other disease made getting shot in an attempt to get away preferable!

When Wesley came in, I showed him the letter and

told him its meaning. He shook his head.

"Don't try it, Phil. You haven't a Chinaman's chance!"

"If it is one chance in a thousand, I'm going to take it!" I cried. "I can't stand this any longer!"

Wesley and I had been together so much we were getting on each other's nerves. We both knew it. His own nerves were getting in such bad shape that frequently we would have long arguments about something that ordinarily we would have laughed at.

"It's your funeral," he growled and left me.

* * *

CHAPTER XII

During the next few days I dreamed of the possibility of escaping. The more thought I gave to it, the more determined I was to make the attempt as conveyed by Alexi in his peculiarly worded letter. I knew he had to put it over that way through fear of its being read by one of the Japanese.

Then, one morning, all my hopes were dashed. I decided that life henceforth must be nothing but torment. For on that morning a Jap soldier came to my room and peremptorily ordered me to accompany him. His attitude conveyed to me that I was in more trouble. Maybe I was due for another bludgeoning! Had they got wind of Alexi's attempt to help me escape? Had they at last discovered the dead Jap in the old well and traced his killing to me?

Filled with these terrible thoughts I accompanied this Japanese soldier to the officers' headquarters near the docks.

I was pushed inside by the Japanese soldier and led to a room at the far end of the wide hallway. He knocked on the door. When the door was opened, he motioned for me to enter. He did not follow me.

I found myself in a spacious room. In one corner was a Japanese officer seated at a large desk. There was no one else in the room.

This officer was somewhat taller than the ordinary Japanese and his face was not quite as cold and cruel as the faces of most of them. He looked up and without speaking watched me come forward. When I reached the desk, he said:

"I understand you are a good tennis player." He spoke in perfect English.

"I believe I am a fair player," I answered, wondering what was behind the question.

"Maybe you noticed that we have a tennis court here," he went on. I nodded.

"It has been repaired," he informed me. "I have had some new tennis rackets and balls delivered out here from the city. It is my wish that you teach me and some of my fellow officers how to play tennis."

I know that my mouth must have fallen open. His words were so contrary to what I had expected that I was dazed.

"You mean . . . you mean you want me to teach you to play tennis?" I asked, confusedly.

He nodded. "We have much time on our hands here," he explained. "I have always been interested in the game. It might be to your advantage to lend us your services."

Now that I had digested the idea, I commenced thinking rapidly. Why should I teach these Japanese to play tennis? Never! I would not do it! I would never do anything that might be to their benefit! Then Alexi's plan to help me escape came to me. If I acceded to this officer's request it might be that I would have greater

freedom in the compound and could be at the midnight rendezvous on April 28, which was some weeks hence.

It came to me further that by mixing with the Japanese officers I might learn a lot that would be of use to my country if I managed to escape. I would in a sense be serving as a spy for the American government. This realization decided me.

"I will teach you and your fellow officers to play tennis," I told him.

"Good!" he exclaimed with a grin. "I thought you would see the advantages, Yankee boy."

He turned and pushed a button. In a moment a Japanese servant entered.

"Take this gentleman to the dining room and give him everything he wants to eat," ordered the officer. He arose and gave me a little jerky Oriental bow. "I am Colonel Nakazowa. When will you be able to give us our first lesson?"

"Tomorrow morning," I answered, amused. As if I had any pressing engagements that would necessitate giving thought to the hour for the lesson! "Any time you please."

"Make it ten o'clock," he told me. He motioned to the servant to lead me away.

* * *

That evening when I informed Wesley Farnham that I was going to teach the Japanese officers to play tennis, he stared at me, then walked to the window and looked out on the bleak compound. Finally he turned. I saw that his face was red and that his eyes glittered.

"I'm moving out of this room right now, Harman!" he snapped. "You can get yourself another roommate!"

He started immediately to pick up his few belongings.

"But listen, Wesley," I said, "it isn't the way you think. You know I have a chance to escape . . . and another thing I may get some inside dope that I could convey to the American authorities."

He would not listen. He muttered something about: "Filling your belly with good food," and left me.

I saw that it was useless to try to explain to him that I was not helping the Japs for any selfish motive. Wesley and I had been on the point of a breakup for quite a while, through being together for so long, and this merely served as the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back.

On Monday morning, as agreed, I gave the Japanese officers and the Chinese Superintendent, who was working under them, their first lesson in tennis. There were three officers—Colonel Yamasita, the former barber, who had charge of the concentration camp, Colonel Nakazowa, the officer who had made me the proposition, and Captain Moi Feng, the Chinese Superintendent.

They all proved to be very apt pupils. I am sure that they all felt well satisfied with their progress on that first morning of instruction.

I was terribly uncomfortable, however, as some of the internees collected a short distance from the court and watched us. They were not allowed to come close as two Jap soldiers patrolled around the wire netting to see that no "white devil" would cause their superior officers any

loss of face through staring at them and possibly laughing when they muffed the ball.

I felt that the British and American onlookers were probably condemning me bitterly for being apparently on such friendly terms with the Japanese, but I consoled myself with the knowledge that all under-cover men had to suffer such misunderstandings in order to obtain vital information.

When the practice games were over, I was invited to lunch with the Japanese officers and the Chinese Superintendent. We went to the headquarter's building and seated ourselves in a private dining room. Here we were served excellent food by a Chinese menial. I am sure that the officers were hugely tickled as they watched me eating—in almost an animalistic fashion, I'll admit! But try going on practically a starvation diet for months and see what happens when you get a good meal!

The sight of real food, practically for the first time in months, made me forget that I was other than a physical body which had to be fed. I lost all track of spiritual aspects for that moment.

When dinner was over, wine and cigarettes were passed around. The Japanese officers said little during the meal, but now they sat back in their chairs and looked at me speculatively. Then Colonel Nakazowa spoke to me:

"Well, Harman, I see you enjoyed the meal."

"Guess that was quite evident," I admitted.

I realized what a grotesque picture I presented in my dirty tattered clothing and matted beard, as compared

with these immaculately garbed officers with their shining buttons and natty uniforms.

"We'll see that you get some clean clothing," said Colonel Yamasita. He had evidently read my thoughts or had seen me glancing down at my rags.

I really pinched myself at this. Was it some fantastic dream? Here I had suddenly been catapulted from a situation of misery and slow starvation to one where I was treated almost as an honored guest and given the best of food!

I noticed that Colonel Nakazowa was looking at me quizzically behind a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"Feel better, Yankee boy, after a good meal?"

"I certainly do," I replied. The food gave me courage to continue a little more bravely than I would have done before eating. "I suppose you know that what you feed the people in the encampment is practically like delivering a slow death sentence to them?"

"Nonsense!" he returned. That I had irked him was quite evident.

I realized that I was getting off on the wrong foot and did want so much to gain a few privileges to help my escape.

There was a moment's silence; no one spoke a word. Somehow, sitting there in that moment of quiet with those sly, dark eyes looking at me made me so nervous I could have jumped out of my skin! I started to get up.

"Well, thanks," I mumbled. "Will you want another lesson tomorrow?"

"Keep your seat, Yankee boy," said Colonel Yama-

sita. "That's something Americans will never learn — to relax and be quiet after a full meal. I have been in your country several times and noticed that always American business men hurry through their meals as if old age were creeping up and standing behind them with a barbed prong."

"I guess we're different from Orientals that way," I agreed, lamely.

"Different in many ways, Harman," broke in Captain Moi Feng, the Chinese Superintendent. It was the first time he had spoken directly to me during the lunch hour. "Americans are so impetuous — they never think things out to a conclusion. If they had done so under present circumstances, they would not have been foolish enough to get into a war with us."

I knew the man was Chinese born; yet he spoke of Japan as his own country. Undoubtedly, he had thrown his complete allegiance over to the Japs.

"I was under the impression that the Japanese started the war with America," I remarked, tactlessly.

"And why shouldn't we?" retorted Captain Feng, slightly belligerent. "All the Americans and Britishers have ever tried to do is to exploit the Orient for profit! They have endeavored for years to make the yellow race conform to their own standards. They have failed to realize that we are essentially a much older branch of the human tree and may have much deeper wisdom through ancient heritage."

"Then why have you copied American methods so assiduously?" I demanded. I added hastily: "I'm sorry."

I do not mean to argue. Frankly, I'm in no position to do so. But you realize that I share with my countrymen a deep hatred of an enemy who does not at least fight fairly!"

It was no use. If I kept on this way it would mean being sent back to a worse situation than before insofar as my escape was concerned, or maybe to be tortured again!

Colonel Nakazowa smiled and said in a conciliatory tone:

"Don't be alarmed, Harman. We admire you for speaking without reservation. If you did not present your side of the case from the standpoint of your honest feelings, we would find little interest in conversing with you."

"Thank you," I muttered, with an inward sigh of relief.

Nothing more of importance was said at that time. I was informed that on the following day they would be ready for another tennis lesson late in the afternoon.

* * *

CHAPTER XIII

The tennis lessons continued during the days that followed. I found the Japanese officers most conscientious in their efforts to learn to play the game. They made rapid progress. It was quite apparent that whatever they undertook they tried to do well. I had always been under the impression that the Japanese were merely poor imitators, but now realized that I had been wrong. They were *excellent* imitators, constantly endeavoring to become extremely efficient in everything they undertook. I knew now that it was a mistake to under-estimate the essential qualities of the Japanese character. I had so often heard friends in America make the remark that we could clean up the Japs in a few weeks' time. I do not think we ever really took them very seriously. But through this close contact with these Japanese officers, I realized that this was a decided misconception.

One night while again having dinner with these three officers, Colonel Nakazowa opened the conversation by asking me very abruptly:

"Yankee boy, — you will no doubt be here until the war is over and your country in our hands, so there can be no possible harm in your answering a few questions."

I prepared myself. They were going to try to pump me for information! I must be on the alert to give them answers that would really offer no damaging statements

and yet not antagonize them. It was only three days until April 28, the day set for my escape.

"How much of an armed force did America really have when you left there?" He paused, then added hastily, "We are very well informed on all of that, of course, but I would like to see whether you substantiate what we already know."

I chuckled inwardly. If they knew so definitely about these matters, of what use would be my substantiations?

"Naturally, I had no means of knowing anything about that," I answered. "I was temporarily exempted from the army due to my physical condition."

"What kind of man is your President Roosevelt?" asked Colonel Yamasita, evidently to change the subject from a matter of military character.

"I think the fact that he is serving his third term as President," I replied, "is indicative of his great qualifications and the trust that my people have in him."

Somehow I sensed that I was in for more or less of an inquisition and thus far felt that my side was carrying on satisfactorily.

"You may be very ignorant of military matters, Yankee boy," said Colonel Nakazowa, "but I am sure you will agree that from that standpoint your country is very backward. Your system of military training is inadequate. That we know. You pamper your recruits and maintain not one-tenth of the strict discipline that we do in Japan. A soldier cannot be made in a few months. It is necessary that they be educated from childhood in the art of war. That is why the Germans

have been so successful with comparatively few men."

"I was not aware that the Germans were so successful," I answered. "True, they did over-run a few small countries—but if what I hear is correct, they discovered many things when they tried to overpower Russia."

"I suppose you believe your nation is so superior that it was folly for us Japanese to enter into a war with you?" questioned Captain Feng.

I had a faint suspicion that Captain Feng was not so worried about my replies. He was endeavoring to build himself up as being a loyal Japanese and making it definitely understood that he ignored his Chinese birth.

"I must be frank in saying that I do think that such an action means the writing off of the Japanese nation as a power from now on," I answered, bluntly. Try as I could I was unable to refrain from expressing my true feelings.

"Do you think we would have made such a move without years of preparation?" demanded Colonel Yamashita, sharply. "You are a true example of American youth — filled with idealistic beliefs about your country and utterly blind to its weaknesses. Half of your young men were not physically fit to carry a gun — as in your own case. You Americans are declining through soft living! You arose to the heights in a hurry and are already on the down-grade, as you say over there."

"Of course I do not agree with you," I replied. There was a moment's silence. I decided to ask a question to see what would happen. "How is it that you think a small nation like Japan, even with the help of Germany

and Italy, could possibly defeat such powerful countries as America and Britain?"

Colonel Nakazowa laughed. "What do you Americans know about our power? Have we ever let any of your people find out any of our military secrets? Just to show you what I mean — for years our nationals have gone to America to study and live. They were allowed to go practically anywhere, take photographs, unrestrainedly, and dig into your archives. We have a wealth of information about your country that would amaze you if you had access to the files of our Department of Information. We even have American agents so high in your military circles that it would astound you if you knew who they were."

"I will admit that no doubt we Americans have been very foolish in many ways," I admitted. I, myself, had seen hundreds of shiploads of pig-iron leave the San Francisco docks bound for Japan in the years before the war. "However," I went on, "you must know that we Americans have always been a peace-loving nation. We have not wanted to think of wars, of killing our fellow men. In the heart of every real American is a keen desire to live at peace with his neighbor, both the family living next door to him and the nation situated thousands of miles away. From the standpoint of justice and in the eyes of our Creator we are at least so far in advance of the Axis nations that it will probably be centuries before they catch up with us!"

Captain Feng gave a harsh, cynical laugh.

"From the standpoint of justice!" he sneered. "And

from the standpoint of our Creator, whoever that is! How touching! Just what good does all that nebulous, idealistic philosophy do on the battlefield? You will find that the projectiles from a 20 millimeter gun is much more potent than the blessing of your Christian God!"

They all laughed at this. I tried to think up something to say to make them understand that, according to my belief, men and nations had to live in accord with universal laws of love, but I realized just how futile such an attempt would be, so I remained silent.

"Take California, for instance," said Colonel Nakazowa. "We know the position of every plane factory, such as Douglas, Lockheed and others—we know where your munition plants are located, the workings of your Kaiser Steel Mills in Fontana. We have a very accurate survey of gun emplacements along the coast—all of these things. Just what do you Americans know about the tremendous military mechanism of Japan?"

"I don't know," I answered, truthfully. "But I imagine that our Federal Bureau of Investigation and other governmental agencies have not been asleep!"

"Personally, I know little about your Federal Bureau of Investigation," admitted Colonel Nakazowa. "Tell me more about it."

I smiled. "I guess that's the reason it is so efficient—nobody knows much about it except those on the inside."

"In other words," chuckled Colonel Yamasita, "you, yourself, might be an agent of the F. B. I.?"

I laughed at this. "Could be," I admitted. "Assuming that I am, tell me just how a nation that has occupied such a small part of the world could develop the power you pretend?"

"Just an example of what we are talking about," said Yamasita. "Do you realize that we have millions of men under arms, or in reserve? Do you have any idea of the resources at our command? Why, we now hold all the choice locations in the Pacific, together with most of China . . . small portion of the world! — bah! Why, if necessary, we could hold out against America and Britain for years." He paused and added hastily: "Not that this will be necessary. We will soon combine with Hitler and Mussolini in the Mediterranean."

"Time alone will tell in regard to these things," I said, desiring to end the discussion as soon as possible.

"What you Americans don't know," persisted Colonel Nakazowa, "is that this is really a race war . . . the white man versus the yellow and the black races. Even your own negroes in the United States are aware of this and are conveying their deep-seated dissatisfaction with their status. Do you really think that the Chinese love you Americans? Don't be absurd! They tolerate you because it serves their purpose — "

"That is not true!" I ejaculated, indignantly. "The Americans and the Chinese have been friendly for centuries and always will be!"

"I am afraid you are too young to understand, Yankee boy," said Colonel Nakazowa. "You don't know for instance what is happening in India, as we do. In

due time we shall have all the millions of people in that country behind us!"

I decided to feel them out with a question that I am sure most Americans would probably be asking:

"What chance do you think you have of invading the North American Continent?"

"All of our plans down to the minutest detail have been worked out in that direction," answered Colonel Nakazowa. "The time is already set. Distance is no longer a protection to any nation. Should you ever get back to America before we win this war, you might impart that news to the American people."

"I am sure that you will never tell me anything that you wouldn't wish me to tell the American people," I said, with a laugh.

Throughout the whole conversation I had endeavored to keep an amused attitude — as if I were not taking any of their talk seriously. I knew that to show wrath would be fatal. I think they were using the same tactics for when they questioned me it was always with a smile or grin.

* * *

CHAPTER XIV

Wesley Farnham, as I stated, had moved away from me. He was staying with some other Americans who had been with us in the house of prostitution in Hong Kong. He avoided me, and it was evident that he was still bitter at my apparently taking up with the Japanese officers. Once or twice when meeting him, I tried to explain, but he would not listen to me. In some ways he had a choleric disposition, which was not helped by the conditions under which we had to live. Yet intuitively I knew that Wesley was very fond of me as I was of him. I could never forget his past kindnesses to me. Once I managed to stick in my pocket some cookies from the dining room table of the Japanese officers, but when I offered these to him, he knocked them out of my hand indignantly.

Farnham was not the only internee who avoided my company. Many of them did the same. Apparently it had been broadcast around that I had become a stooge of the Japanese in order to get better food. Naturally, they were afraid to become associated with me for fear I would inform the Japanese officers of any irregularities. I felt very deeply about this, and at times almost exploded to the point of explaining my purposes, but to do this would very likely react against my getting away. Some time I would prove to all of them that I had prob-

ably a deeper hatred for the Japanese than any of them! God knows I had reason enough to do so!

The following evening, after the usual tennis lesson, a rather exciting thing happened. Just as the cigarettes were being passed around, there came the sound of a motor car in the road outside and a great, black limousine stopped in front of the officers' headquarters. The car could be seen through a window of the dining room.

I saw two German officers jump from the car and come toward the house. Colonel Yamasita sprang up and hurried out. In a few moments he returned in company with the two German officers. He introduced everyone in the room, including me. The officers were named Hauptmann and Henkle. When he introduced me, they looked at me in surprise, no doubt wondering why an American would be on such apparently friendly terms with the Japanese. Colonel Yamasita explained that I was a famous tennis player and was teaching them how to play. Henkle showed immediate interest and asked:

"Do you know of our Baron von Cramm?"

"I played in a tournament with him in England before the war," I answered. "He is an excellent player."

This made the fellow quite friendly. Both of these German officers were tall, strapping fellows and in comparison the Japanese were puny and insignificant.

I felt that my presence was not wanted any further. No doubt they had things to discuss that they would not want me to hear. I excused myself and left. I wanted to get away early anyway for this was April 28, the night set for my attempt to escape!

While walking back to the club house, I wondered if Alexi would really have help waiting for me on the other side of the enclosure at midnight. Had I interpreted his letter correctly? Would my attempt be disastrous? Maybe this would be my last day on earth!

I consoled myself with the knowledge that the Japanese soldiers and guards, all of whom knew of my teaching their officers to play tennis, did not insult me any more, nor question what I did or where I went, as long as I stayed within the boundaries of the inclosure.

I was sure that they would not dare interfere with my movements even at night, unless they actually saw me trying to escape.

This surmise turned out to be correct, for when I left the club house about nine o'clock that night upon my desperate mission, I ran kerplunk into a Japanese soldier. No one was supposed to leave our quarters after eight o'clock in the evening. He looked at me for a moment, hesitating. I assumed all the dignity and authority possible to summon and pushed past him.

I had left the club house at nine for two reasons: first, to test out whether I was subject to the curfew law, and, secondly, I intended to hide out somewhere on the grounds so that it would not be necessary to leave the club house late at night which in itself would arouse suspicion. By leaving at nine the chances were that the soldier who had seen me would think that I was merely going for a little stroll.

I was thankful that it was a dark night, cloudy and no moon. In addition there was a stiff wind blowing

which might keep the Japanese officers indoors. It was with difficulty that I moved in the direction of the appointed place in the compound. The grounds were filled with holes and several times I stumbled and fell. It was also very cold and although I had my overcoat, it was so tattered and filled with holes that it offered but slight protection from the biting wind.

As I progressed painfully in the direction I had to go, the wind became stronger, almost a gale. It whipped at my clothing and seemed to find fiendish delight in searching out the spots where my bare skin showed through the rents in my wearing apparel. All I had left was a pair of "half trousers," — in other words, I had cut off the tattered bottoms of my pants — a ragged shirt and a pair of shoes that gave my toes plenty of ventilation.

I recalled the promise that I would be given some new clothing. No doubt the officers did not like to be seen practicing tennis with such a frowsy looking individual. So far this new outfit had not been forthcoming. Now I prayed that in a short time I would never need to accept any such favors from them.

I finally found a sheltered spot behind a tree where the wind could not reach me so easily and sat down to wait. This also offered a refuge from the searchlight that was played across the inclosure at intervals of about five minutes. During my trip across the grounds it had been necessary for me to lie flat on the ground several times to avoid being spotted by the light.

The only means of telling when it reached the hour

of twelve would be to listen for the changing of the guards. This occurred at twelve o'clock and was accomplished by means of a series of shrill whistles. These I would undoubtedly hear.

I was only a few moments from the northwest corner of the compound, so I could get there at approximately the designated time.

It seemed like an eternity before I heard the whistling which summoned the men who were to change places with the ones on duty, but at last it happened. I had fallen into a half-doze but upon hearing the whistling became wide awake.

After the whistling had ceased, I waited for the searchlight to make its brilliant journey around the grounds, then stooped low and hurried across the intervening space to the corner post where the two barbed wire boundaries came together. I managed to get to the spot just as the light started to creep across the grounds again. I fell flat and waited. When the light had swept past and had finally flickered out, I called into the darkness, but not too loudly:

"Alexi! Are you there, Alexi?"

There was no answer. I felt a pang of bitter disappointment. I called again, a trifle louder: "Alexi! This is Phil! Are you there?"

From the darkness beyond a voice came back to me.

"Is that you, Mr. Harman?"

"Yes," I answered. "Is that you, Alexi?"

"He had to leave for Macao," came the voice from beyond. "He sent me. I am Tom Chan. There is a sam-

pan waiting down below at the water's edge. Can you get through the fence?"

My eyes now had become accustomed to the darkness, and being in better condition through the increased supply of food I had been getting, I was able to see the faint outline of a figure prone on the ground not far beyond the fence.

"It's closely woven," I answered back. "It would take so long to try to scale it that I would be seen by the searchlight."

"I brought wire cutters," came the voice. "I'm coming to the fence after the next light flashes."

In a moment the searchlight glowed around us and again left the landscape in darkness. I saw the figure of the man who was to help me crawl forward. He reached the fence.

"I'll cut here at the bottom," he told me. "That will give you enough space to crawl through."

He started to work with the wire-cutter, but hardly had he cut several of the wires when the siren in the watch-tower, which was situated in the center of the compound, started making a terrific wailing sound.

"When you cut the wires it gave the signal to the Japs in the watch-tower!" I exclaimed. "You'd better run. I'll try to get back unseen."

"We'll stick to it," the man answered determinedly. He kept on whacking away at the heavy wire. "Just a moment and I'll have enough space," he told me. He was breathing heavily from exertion and excitement.

Suddenly I heard the sound of running feet behind

me. The searchlight swept across the grounds and centered on the corner post where Tom Chan was working to free me. Evidently he had been seen, for the searchlight remained steady. I had stayed prone on the ground and was well hidden by some bushes back of me.

I looked around and to my terror saw some Jap soldiers running in our direction.

"Hurry!" I cried. "Run!"

"I'll have to!" answered my brave friend across the fence. He arose and darted off. I started to yell out to him to keep down, but it was too late. A rifle cracked not far from me and Tom Chan fell headlong to the ground.

With a low moan of horror, I turned and crawled back through the bushes as fast as possible, praying that I had not been seen. If I had, it would be curtains for me too!

To my relief the Jap soldiers ran up quite a distance from me. I saw them go to the fence and start examining the place where it had been cut. I had time for no more observations. I held a deep hope that the man who had so valiantly tried to help me had not been killed and had managed to crawl away. Possibly he had dropped just before they had fired upon him.

I wormed my way back in desperate haste, knowing that the Japs would soon search the grounds. My heart started pounding as if it would burst through my chest when I heard them shouting. Glancing back, I saw them spreading out to scour the grounds. The searchlight was

still flooding the scene with almost the brilliance of sunshine.

Suddenly I perceived to the right of me a shallow hole, around which grew some thick and leafy vines. I turned, crawled over to this hole and dug in as best I could.

As I waited almost breathlessly under the tension, something cold and clammy touched my face. It felt like the body of a snake! Slowly I pulled away from the thing and as I did so, saw to my horror that it was the hand of a dead man! The fingers were spread out like a reaching claw. The body of a soldier had been buried in the hole and it had been insufficiently covered with earth. The hand was sticking out of the ground and had come in contact with my face!

The horror of this left me quickly when I heard the Japanese soldiers hurrying up. Two of them went past me so closely that they could have reached out with one foot and touched me. They went on, and I realized that they had not seen me!

For what seemed hours, I lay in that hole with the dead hand fluttering slightly under the lash of the wind which had now arisen to almost the proportions of a tempest. It may be that the wind saved me, for no more soldiers came near to me. The cold weather probably was too much for them, and they had no desire to search any more under such uncomfortable conditions.

The light suddenly flashed out and the compound was again quiet. I crawled out of the hole with a peculiar insane desire to reach around and shake the

dead hand before leaving. I arose and started running for the club house, arriving just as the light came on again.

I cowered at one side of the building until the light passed; when all was dark again, I went around to the verandah. I sneaked up to the front entrance, at the same time swearing under my breath for being such a silly fool! Of course, it would be locked!

I hurried back around the building, and after a search found some rough stairs that led down to the basement of the building. Descending these steps, I reached the basement door, which was also locked. I pulled my overcoat around me and lay down against the door. I was sure it would be a safe place to stay for the night.

Although I was despondent and bitterly disappointed by my failure to escape, my exhaustion caused me to fall asleep almost at once.

The following morning I awoke early, shaking from the cold. My body ached all over. I mounted the steps stealthily and looked around. The front door had evidently been opened, for some of the men from the building were sauntering around the grounds. It was evidently late — or at least after eight in the morning. Otherwise, the internees would not be out of doors.

I got up, and, with all the nonchalance I could summon, went around to the front of the building, entered, proceeded to my room where, sick from my exposure to the cold night air, I sank to the floor and again fell asleep almost at once.

* * *

CHAPTER XV

I did not awaken that afternoon until almost time to go for my appointment with the Japanese. I felt little in the mood for tennis. I was quite sure that no one had suspected that I was the one who had tried to escape; otherwise they would have been in after me long before.

As I proceeded to the tennis court, my mind was again filled with sorrow for what had happened to Alexi's friend, Tom Chan. I consoled myself somewhat by deciding that it was quite possible that he had not been shot, or if so had merely suffered a minor wound.

In this state of mind, it was a relief to note that Colonel Nakazowa, Captain Feng and Colonel Yamasita were more cordial than usual to me. They grinned at me when I bawled them out for mis-plays and several times called me by the nickname they had previously given me — "Yankee boy." I discovered later the reason for their exceptional friendliness!

During the meal Colonel Yamasita in his conversation with the other officers said:

"Some one tried to escape last night. A man on the other side of the fence cut some of the wires. They evidently did not know of our electric signal system."

"Did you catch them?" asked Captain Feng.

Colonel Yamasita shook his head with a scowl. "My men claim they shot the man who was on the outside,

but a search did not reveal his body. Evidently they missed him or he was only wounded and got away."

I breathed a great sigh of relief when I heard this. Tom Chan, Alexi's friend, and mine by proxy, had undoubtedly got away! Even though I was now destined to remain in the camp for the duration of the war, this was indeed good news!

* * *

After the meal was finished, the two Japanese officers and Captain Feng, the Chinese renegade, sat back in their chairs as usual to smoke, to sip wine and to talk.

Maybe I am a trifle psychic, for I had a feeling that something was up. Or was it because they seemed to be overly friendly and addressed me more frequently than usual?

It was Colonel Nakazowa who started the most unusual conversation that I ever had been drawn into. He turned to me with a smile and said:

"We have had our eyes on you almost from the first day we entered Hong Kong, Harman."

I stared at him, a little dazed by what he said.

"I don't quite understand."

"I mean that we had planned to find someone like you to help us," he answered.

I became alert. My mind went back to that horrible moment when I was to be disembowled. I recalled being saved by the high officer who had entered that bare office, the scene of my torture. Did the statement Colonel Nakazowa just enunciated have anything to do with that incident?

"You mean . . . you mean that you knew about — ?"

I was about to come out with it and ask if he knew about my torture in Hong Kong. Then I closed my lips. Some inner voice warned me to be silent.

"About what?" asked Colonel Nakazowa, looking at me quizzically.

"Nothing," I answered. "I guess I was a little confused by what you said. Why should you want me to help you — you mean in regard to tennis lessons?"

They all laughed at this, and Colonel Nakazowa spoke again:

"No, Yankee boy. I'll tell you quite plainly what I mean. You are the type of young American we would like to have on our side — to work with us on much more important matters than tennis."

"I don't see how I could work with you in any other way," I said, "even if I wanted to do so."

"You are quite a representative American youth, Harman," explained Colonel Nakazowa. "You are known in your country as an outstanding sportsman — a tennis champion — you are educated. You are the type of Yankee boy whom your countrymen no doubt look upon with pride."

I still was in a muddle. What was he getting at? "I guess I'm no different from most American boys," I told him.

"That's exactly it," he agreed. He lighted another cigarette. This time as he spoke he did not look me directly in the eyes. "You have seen that we are not bad people to get along with, Harman. We have treated you

well of late. And by the way, tomorrow you will be given your new outfit of clothing. Later you can have a house to live in — with a servant — also the use of an automobile — ”

I sat up in my chair and broke in on him.

“What’s the idea? There’s something back of this. You wouldn’t be doing those things for me without a good reason.”

“Certainly not,” he answered with a smile. “We want you to become a Japanese citizen, and then we will give you a very wonderful position in our propaganda bureau. Your work will be light . . . nothing much to do but give a few talks over the air either in Hong Kong or in Tokyo.”

“What kind of talks?” I demanded. I was commencing to see daylight in a hurry.

He shrugged his shoulders. As he prepared to speak, I glanced around the table and saw that Colonel Yamashita and Captain Feng were leaning forward and looking at me with extreme interest.

“Nothing,” said Colonel Nakazowa, “except to tell of the power of the Japanese and that Japan is only endeavoring to preserve the integrity of the yellow race . . . give the listeners the benefit of your realization after being among us that we are greatly misunderstood . . . I think you understand?”

“Yes, I understand,” I answered. My heart was pounding. Now if ever in my life, I must be diplomatic! Otherwise, God knows what would happen to me. They were deliberately and none too subtly making me a

proposition to become another "Lord Haw Haw" and betray my country by broadcasting propaganda beneficial to Japan!

"Naturally," I said at last, "I am overwhelmed at what from your viewpoint, no doubt, would appear to be a great honor. You have made your proposition decidedly attractive from the standpoint of my physical welfare. I realize, of course, that I am at your mercy." I paused and gave the next hypocritical words all of the eloquence in my power: "But I know now that you Japanese are good sports and have a great understanding of patriotism. Now let me ask you a question: 'Do you think that any of your Japanese youths held in America would betray Japan at the bequest of the American government?'" I went on rapidly so that I could answer the question for him: "Of course your reply will be that no Japanese youth would even consider such a thing for a moment! Well, I am no different in that way from your own Japanese boys. I could never undertake any work that would be detrimental to my country. I love it as your youths love their country, Japan. I know you will understand!"

A long silence followed that little speech . . . a great soundless void that made my nerves quiver. They could either take my refusal in the right spirit or maybe sentence me to death!

Colonel Nakazowa smiled.

"Nicely put, Yankee boy," he said. "I appreciate your standards. But I had thought in view of your rather extraordinary sufferings — I think you know

what I mean — that a limousine at your disposal . . . all of the money you want . . . protection through Japanese citizenship . . . a nice home . . . plenty of girls . . . all of these things might outweigh your overly sentimental attitude. However, it is up to you to decide.”

This time I answered without hesitation.

“Material things are very acceptable . . . but they never carry any real weight against love of country. I’m sorry, gentlemen — but I must refuse. You, of course, may punish me severely for my attitude, but I have been through so much that it makes little difference. I probably shall not live to leave here anyway — ”

There was again one of those long silences that sent chills up and down my spine. In a moment I would know my fate!

To my utter surprise, Colonel Nakazowa reached over and patted me on the arm.

“It’s all right, Yankee boy. We have no intention of punishing you for being so true to your own country. We would expect it of our Japanese youths, as you say — and also you spoke correctly when you said that they would never consider such a proposal from your government.” He paused, then went on with a slight smile: “Instead of making you suffer for your decision, I have some good news for you.”

“Good news?” I exclaimed. I leaned forward in surprise.

“Yes,” he nodded. “The steamship *Asama Maru* is leaving from Tokyo with certain foreign citizens. It will stop in Hong Kong to pick up other foreigners.

Some Americans will be exchanged in Africa for certain Japanese who have been held in your country — in other words the *Asama Maru* is an exchange ship. I shall request that you be allowed to sail on it for your own country.”

I stood up and stared at him dazedly. “You mean . . . you mean that I am to be allowed to go home?” I cried.

“Exactly,” he answered.

Subconsciously, I felt that in a way they were enjoying my joy.

“Thanks . . . thanks . . .” I mumbled. “If you don’t mind, I’ll go to my room and take a little time to get used to this — this most wonderful news!”

* * *

CHAPTER XVI

That night I was unable to sleep. The realization that I would soon be on my way home made me so deliriously happy that I tossed around on the floor visioning the reunion with my mother and father . . . the big steaks that I would devour at Omar Khayyam's in San Francisco . . . the great gobs of ice cream . . . the ecstasy of wallowing in a tub of soapy water . . . and above all to be back in my own country once more, enjoying the greatest blessing given to mankind — freedom of thought, of action and of deed!

I left my room early the next morning, deciding to go to the top of the hill at the east end of the compound and watch for the *Asama Maru* — the ship that was to bear us on the first lap of our journey homeward. It could hardly be expected that it would come so soon — but I would not rest until I caught my first glimpse of that, to me, enchanted ship.

On the verandah of the club-house I encountered Wesley Farnham. He was just crossing to enter the building. He turned his head away from me as usual. Reaching out, I grabbed his arm and spoke:

"I'm going home, Wesley!" I exclaimed. "We all . . ."

"So your Jap friends are letting you go home, are they?" he broke in. "Good luck, rat!"

This was a little too much. I had taken about all I could stand from him.

"You damned fool!" I shouted. "If you don't get it into your head that I hate the Japs as much as you do, I'll knock it in! You don't know why I was half dead when I came here — well, I'll tell you! In Hong Kong they took me to a vacant office and beat me nearly to a pulp! They practically ruined my eyesight and did things to my nerves which I may never get over! And you stand there and tell me that I'm playing up to them! Why I hate their very guts — in a way that you will never understand!"

"When I paused for breath, his face changed and he stared at me in surprise.

"You mean the bastards did that to you?"

"Yes," I answered. "And they inteded to disembowel me, but changed their minds—for a reason which I found out last night."

Wesley shoved out his hand.

"I'm sorry, kid," he apologized. "I never knew about what you had been through — I was mistaken."

I took Wesley into my room where we would not be overheard and told him all that had occurred in Hong Kong before I met him at the Merry Playground. I knew when I did so that I was practically placing my life in his hands. If the Japs found that I was telling of my torture they would never let me leave and, no doubt, one day I would be listed as missing!

When I finished my story, Wesley reiterated his sorrow for having treated me as he had.

"But how about the rest of us?" he demanded. "Certainly you are not the only one to be taken?"

"Of course not," I reassured him.

As it turned out, Wesley and all of the other Americans in the concentration camp were informed that day that they would be exchanged in Lourenco Marques, Africa, for Japanese who were already on the high seas in a Swedish ship, the *Gripsholm*.

The joy of my fellow Americans at this news can be imagined! But the gloom that descended over the several thousands of Britishers and Dutch people in the camp was pitiable. They all realized that there was no chance of their being freed and it seemed inevitable that many of them would not be able to stand up under the starvation diet for many months longer. Dysentery, beri-beri, and other diseases were becoming increasingly prevalent every day. In fact, as I write these words, I wonder just how many of my unfortunate fellow prisoners back there are alive today!

It seemed that all the Americans had the same idea about going to the top of the hill to watch for the *Asama Maru*. What a grotesque picture we must have made as we sat on that hillside straining our eyes out to sea . . . lean, gaunt men and women . . . emaciated children with the bones of their cheeks showing prominently through the skin . . . a motley crowd of tattered, begrimed humanity, resembling probably a crowd of derelicts on a deserted island, rather than people in a place where proper food, medical attention and clothing could have been provided if those in charge were human beings

rather than devils in the guise of men!

Finally, on June 30, the *Asama Maru* appeared in sight. It was early in the morning when we spied her from the hill-top. Hoarse cries of joy issued from our parched lips. Some of the men exuberantly joined hands and jumped up and down deliriously.

As for myself — my heart was so full that all I could do was stand there with eyes that never left the slowly approaching steamer.

When the ship finally anchored about a mile from the shore, several men descended the ladder to a motor boat which chugged to the docks. I learned later that among them were four Chilean newspaper men who had been invited to visit Japan, Korea and Manchuria to see how well the Japanese had been progressing during the previous years.

Also on the *Asama Maru*, although he did not come ashore at Stanley, was Ambassador Joseph C. Grew, who was to be exchanged — possibly for that infamous envoy, Kurusu — a man I was later to contact in Lourenco Marques.

Orders were given to the Americans to pack their belongings and line up for embarkation on a ferry which was waiting at the docks.

I knew that my packing would take me but a moment, so I hurried around the camp to say goodbye to some of the Britishers and Dutch people whom I had met. As I was about to hurry away from the building that housed the Britishers, I ran into the girl whose brother had remained unburied outside the barbed wire fence. I had

met her on several occasions since that day. Her name was Mildred Storm.

I went up to her and extended my hand.

"I'm leaving, Miss Storm," I said. "So glad I have had this chance of saying goodbye."

She took my hand and for a moment looked into my eyes without speaking. Her eyes were misty. One tiny tear made a little trail down her cheek.

"I am glad for your sake," she said at last. "It takes something or other for one not to be envious." Her voice broke slightly. "I have a feeling that I shall never leave here alive . . . "

"Please don't feel that way," I urged. Somehow I felt terribly sorry for her — in a way she reminded me of Nana — or was it that Nana was so often pictured in my mind that I grasped at every opportunity to find her image in some other woman?

"Is there anything I can do for you?" I asked.

She thought for a moment, then answered:

"Yes — two things. Wait just a moment." She ran into the building and returned presently, bearing a card. "This is the name and address of my mother in London. Will you please write her and tell her that I am well . . ." Her voice faltered. "and that I'll see her some day soon . . . and not to worry . . ." She paused, then explained: "I'm afraid to give you a letter to her. They may search you before you get on the boat."

"I promise to write to her at the first opportunity," I told her. "And now what else?"

Her delicate, old-young face took on a grim expression.

"Tell the American people — tell the world — what the Japanese are like!" she cried. "Tell them how they treat us — make people understand what monsters they are!"

She stopped abruptly and started sobbing. Before I could say more, she turned and ran into the building.

That episode took away most of my joy when at last I found myself aboard the *Asama Maru*. Why should I be chosen to get away while this sensitive girl had to stay . . . probably to die? Was there a God? What was the reason for it all?

While standing near the gang-plank thinking such thoughts, I looked up and saw Colonel Yamasita. He was engaged in bidding goodbye to one of the Japanese officers of the ship. He saw me and came over.

"Well, Yankee boy," he said, "you will be sorry you are leaving us."

"Why do you say that, Colonel Yamasita?" I asked.

He grinned. "Because when we take over that country of yours," he answered, "you will be treated like all other Americans. If you had stayed with us and had done as we wanted you to do, you would some day be an important person in the United States."

I smiled and replied: "I'm inclined to think that I shall be dead from old age before you Japanese conquer my country, Colonel Yamasita."

His face darkened. "I shall take pleasure in looking you up, Yankee boy, when I get over there. Goodbye."

With that he abruptly turned on his heel and descended the ladder to the waiting motor launch.

* * *

It was dusk when the *Asama Maru* pulled away from port. On the island in front of us standing at the barbed-wire fence of the encampment were a number of the remaining Britishers and Dutch people.

I felt a great surge of pity as I signaled back in answer to their waving hands. It was as if I were leaving a crowd of ghosts . . . white-faced spectres staring off into eternity!

When at last the scene of my misery had faded in the distance, I turned and addressed a petty Japanese officer who was standing near me.

"Where are our staterooms?" I asked.

The man turned on me with a leering grin.

"Staterooms! You ought to be glad you are allowed to leave! The staterooms are occupied by people of more importance than you, you son-of-a-bitch!"

My gorge mounted to fever heat at his reply, but I held my peace. I did not know at the moment that this petty officer and I would meet later in a most dramatic fashion!

I went down to the lower deck. The staterooms were occupied by Americans who had embarked at Tokyo. Later I found they were mostly American Consular officials and people of importance. The only place I could find to hang an imaginary hat was in the smoking room, which was occupied by a group of Maryknoll

fathers who had come from a Catholic mission near Tokyo.

* * *

Life aboard the *Asama Maru* was little better than that in the concentration camp in some respects. Our first meal consisted of bread and margarine with coffee and ice cream, the latter mostly frozen water. A Japanese sailor aboard the ship informed me that this food came from Hong Kong and Shanghai, which had been looted.

Due to the crowded conditions in the smoking room with the Maryknoll fathers, I found staying there quite unbearable, especially as we drew nearer to the equator and the heat became extremely intense, so I changed my quarters and slept on the upper deck in a sheltered spot under a life-boat.

In my conversation with several of the passengers I learned something about what had been happening in the world. Mr. Tony Ferrari, son of the Panamanian Minister to Japan, described the Doolittle raid over Tokyo and related that great damage had been done by our American flyers. It was illuminating to learn that this raid caused great fear in the hearts of the Japanese inhabitants and that they showed far less stamina under such conditions than the Britishers and inhabitants of the small European countries.

It was Mr. Ferrari's opinion that if the United States could manage to give Tokyo an intense bombing, capitulation of the Japanese would come in a short time.

Our itinerary was to take in Saigon, French Indo-

China, then Singapore and Malaya, with final destination at Lourenco Marques, East Africa.

After a few days out to sea my beri-beri became worse, and I went to see the Japanese doctor aboard the ship. When I entered his office, he addressed me gruffly:

"Nani, nani?"

I knew enough Japanese to know that this meant: "What do you want?"

The doctor did not speak any English, so I had to show him my swollen ankles. He pressed a finger into my flesh, grunted and then prepared an injection. His attitude was one of indifference, and whatever the medicine was that he injected into my leg, it gave me no relief.

Our first step was Saigon, French Indo-China. As we sailed down the river to anchor, the *Asama Maru* was surrounded by Chinese sampans bearing mangoes, bananas and French liqueurs. Probably never before had the Chinese done such a rushing business. The idea of obtaining some fruit after so many months was heavenly!

We took aboard some Americans who had come from Saigon. Later I learned from them that they had not been badly treated due to the fact that the French still held some control over Saigon.

At Singapore, our next port of call, we encountered the *Conte Verdi*, another exchange ship, which was bearing back nearly seven hundred Americans from Shanghai, all to be repatriated.

After we left Singapore, there followed many dreary days and nights of heat and discomfort. The crowded

conditions aboard the ship made each day seem like an eternity . . . the white decks giving forth a dazzling light under the tropic sun . . . weary, ill-fed people standing silently at the railings, gazing towards the West, their eyes alight with hope . . . a few vain attempts at light conversation, quickly stifled by the dank breeze.

Every night as I lay on my tattered overcoat beneath the shelter of the life-boat, I would gaze up at the stars and think of Nana. I found that I could visualize her face so distinctly that it seemed at times she was hovering over me, her lips moving in speech. I held conversations with this spectre of the girl I loved so deeply and somehow found peace in doing so. Possibly my illness and all that I had been through was making me very morbid, but to find a beautiful love and then to have it snatched away under such tragic conditions, would, I think, be heartrending to anyone.

* * *

CHAPTER XVII

The night preceding the day we were supposed to arrive at Lourenco Marques, I was as usual lying on the deck trying to summon from the brilliant sky the face of Nana. It had been so terrifically hot that day that the deck was like a steaming blanket.

All of the passengers had retired, and a deep silence had settled over the ship, broken only by the creaking of timbers and the splash of water as the propeller blades turned with monotonous rhythm.

I became aware of footsteps near me. I raised myself on one elbow to see better who was approaching. There was something disturbing in the irregularity of the footsteps.

In the darkness the form of a Japanese appeared before me at the railing nearby. I saw the reason for the lack of precision in the footsteps. The fellow was drunk and walking with a pronounced stagger. In one hand he held a bottle.

The Japanese stopped at the railing and raised the bottle to his lips, drinking deeply. Then he lurched forward and came closer to me. A feeling of apprehension came over me. This was increased when I saw that the man was the petty officer who had sworn at me the morning I came aboard the *Asama Maru*.

I hoped that he would not see me in the darkness, but he did.

"Come out of there, you!" he cried, drunkenly. "Show your face before I shoot you!"

I crawled out from under the lifeboat and stood up in front of him.

He glared at me, then started to chuckle.

"You are the Yankee bastard who wanted a state-room! And so you got one! The kind you should have, you skeleton of a pig!"

With that he lifted the bottle of saki to his lips and drank greedily.

"I don't want to have any trouble with you," I told him. "Kindly go away and leave me alone."

"The only place you will be alone, you bastard," he cried, "is out there in the ocean!" As he spoke he lunged at me, holding the bottle upraised to bring it down on my head.

I ducked just in time to avoid being hit by the bottle. It glanced off my shoulder and I experienced a terrific shock of pain shooting through the nerves of my arm. For a moment the entire left side of my body was numb.

As the Jap raised the bottle for a second attempt, realization came to me that I was confronted with a fight for my life! The man undoubtedly meant to kill me if he could!

I stepped in with upraised hands and grappled with him before he could hit me a second time. When my arms closed around him, he dropped the bottle. He placed the palm of his hand against my chin, and with

some peculiar manipulation of his legs and arms he threw me. I landed on the deck with a crash, partially stunned.

The drunken man took advantage of my prone condition and threw himself on my body like a ferocious animal, his talon-like hands clutching at my throat.

I was weak and ill. When one is faced with fighting for life some superhuman strength comes into play. By some miracle I threw him off and staggered to my feet again. He arose drunkenly and shouted:

“You son-of-a-bitch — I’m going to feed you to the sharks!”

He closed in on me again and dragged me in spite of my efforts to the railing of the ship. Then he attempted some other trick of jiu jitsu to toss me over the side.

He succeeded in getting me half across the railing. For an instant it looked as if my time had come. I grasped the railing with my hands and clung to it desperately as he kept trying to shove me over into the shark infested ocean.

With a supreme effort I pulled up my legs and jabbed my feet into his groin. He gave a hoarse cry of pain and drew back, holding his stomach.

I quickly regained my feet and reached for the bottle, which had rolled into the scuppers nearby. Picking it up and taking advantage of his paroxysm of pain, I hit him over the head with the bottle. He crumpled to the deck and lay there without moving.

I experienced a quick surge of fear. Maybe I had

killed him! If so, and the Japanese officers of the ship learned of it, I would be executed without waste of time — I was sure of that!

I leaned over and felt his face. It was cold. Should I pick him up and dump him over the side? Better to do that than to have him discovered and the blame put on me.

I looked around. Fortunately there was no one in sight. It was very late, and the ship was quite dark, aside from the dim blue light up above in the wheel-house.

As I gathered the limp form in my arms, it suddenly moved and his face twitched. He was not dead!

I hurriedly let him fall to the deck, then turned and dashed to the companionway. I proceeded to the lower deck and stealthily made my way into the smoking room.

The Catholic fathers were asleep, some sprawled out on benches, others on the floor. I found a vacant space and lay down, panting and exhausted.

When able to think logically, I realized that if the Jap should report the matter to the captain, I might be seized and God knows what would happen. And we were due to land at Lourenco Marques on the following day! What irony if I were held on the ship and returned to Stanley — or even made away with before reaching neutral soil!

In this state of mind I tossed and turned on the floor, finally coming to the conclusion that the only thing to

do would be to hide out as best I could until time to disembark.

The following morning before the blazing sun appeared over the horizon, I sneaked up on deck, managed to loosen the canvas on one of the life-boats and climbed in, pulling the canvas over my body. There I decided to remain until the ship docked!

I had no idea of the torture that awaited me. When the sun came up in all its tropic fury, the canvas over my body became a fiery blanket, and the heat shriveled my body. At times it seemed that I could not stand it longer — that I would die. But I was sure if I ran into my opponent of the evening before it would be the end for me anyhow. One way or another, it was better to stay where I was.

Just before noon when I felt myself getting terribly dizzy and knew that at any moment I might faint, the ship's whistle sounded. There was a commotion on the deck. I peeked out from under the canvas. Ahead of me was the port of Lourenco Marques! We had arrived at our destination!

It need hardly be said that I was the first one to hurry down the gangplank when the unloading of passengers began. In the brief interval that I waited amid the hundreds of Americans on the deck, I went through a thousand deaths. At any moment I expected to be tapped on the shoulder and told to go to the captain's cabin.

Nothing occurred. The chain across the gangplank was unfastened, and I ran down to the shore. When my feet touched the ground of neutral Lourenco Marques,

I knelt and pressed my lips to the earth and muttered some incoherent little prayer of thankfulness!

We were directed to go aboard the *Gripsholm* immediately. The ship was tied up to the docks. While hurrying toward the gangplank of that ship, I saw the American flag waving beside the flag of Sweden and my heart nearly burst with joy.

We were given luncheon aboard the *Gripsholm*. The great dining room was crowded with Americans from the *Asama Maru*. The commotion was deafening. People were laughing, crying and yelling. When the Swedish stewards brought out great trays laden with chicken, ham, candies, salad and the best of foods, loud cheers went up.

It no doubt would have been an interesting spectacle for anyone who could have stood by and watched us! Imagine several hundred half starved people getting their first real meal for many, many months!

After lunch we were told to report in the lounge to receive some money which would be loaned to us by the American government. After a long wait in line my name was checked and I was handed fifty dollars.

We were allowed to go ashore. I hurried down the gangplank and walked up the quiet little main street of the peaceful town. What a luxury it was to buy some new clothes! I put on my new shoes, underwear and suit in the clothing store where I purchased them.

I had had to wait for a long time to buy the clothes. The Japanese from the *Gripsholm* who were being exchanged and who had come from America, were buying

lavishly. They had made good money in the United States and were spending it for materials to take back to Japan. It was illuminating to see the difference in my appearance and in that of the Japanese in the store. They were all slick, well fed and full of laughter and gaiety. What a contrast I must have made standing there waiting for them to spend their money . . . a dirty, skeleton-like individual swaying from weakness and disease!

When I walked out of the store, garbed in my very rough, but clean, new clothing, I was a different person. My next stop was at a barber shop where, after much chattering on the part of the barber, who spoke no English and fired questions at me in a strange language, my straggly beard was removed and my hair trimmed. The mirror reflected a stranger!

We had been ordered to return to the ship at six o'clock that evening, so I decided to look around the town while the opportunity afforded. There was not much to see, and yet there was an atmosphere of peace about the little town that took hold of me and made me think that some day I would like to return for a few weeks just to stay there for relaxation and dreaming. Maybe some time Nana and I could go there after we were married. In thinking of that glorious prospect, it suddenly occurred to me that maybe a letter would reach her if I mailed it from Lourenco Marques and just addressed it "Macao."

The idea consumed me. Looking around I saw the leading hotel nearby, the Palano. I hurried over, en-

tered the lobby and walked to a writing desk. I found paper and pen and started writing a letter that took me at least two hours to complete. In it I told Nana all that had happened, but will admit that much of it had to do with love and stuff.

After sealing the letter and arising to leave, I glanced around and perceived a slender, elegantly dressed Japanese man talking to another Japanese in one corner of the lobby. There was something familiar about him. Then I realized that he was Mr. Saburo Kurusu!

I stopped and stared at him. So this was the former Japanese envoy to my country — the man who had told our Marines at Wake Island sometime before the Pearl Harbor episode that he was going to Washington for a peace treaty with our President! It seemed hardly possible that I was gazing at one of the arch traitors of all times . . . a man who would go down in history as the betrayer of all that was decent and right!

Something burned within me. I moved over towards him, then stopped and waited until he had finished his conversation with the other Japanese, who was evidently an official of some sort.

When at last Kurusu turned to leave the lobby, I hurried up to him.

"Mr. Kurusu," I said, "may I speak to you for a moment?"

He turned, looked at me with his sly dark eyes and stopped.

"What is it, young man?" he demanded, rather testily.

"My name is Phillip Harman," I told him. "I played against some of the famous tennis stars in Europe and among them Jiro Yamagishi, Nakano and Nunoi." I used this subterfuge to gain his interest, and it worked.

He gave a slight smile. "Honored, I'm sure, Mr. Harman," he said. "So you played with our tennis champions? What did you think of them?"

"All very good players," I told him, truthfully. "Mr. Nunoi was one of the most excellent tennis players I have ever seen."

"That is good," he said. He almost beamed upon me at this praise of one of his countrymen. Little did he know what was coming from me!

"I have just arrived from Hong Kong, Mr. Kurusu," I explained. "I am being exchanged — returned to my own country."

"What were you doing in Hong Kong?" he asked.

"I was there on behalf of the United China Relief," I answered.

"You will be glad to return to your country, I presume?" he said. Once more he was the wily diplomat, and the smile had faded from his lips. My mention of the United China Relief had hit home.

"When I tell you, Mr. Kurusu," I said in a loud voice that could be heard all over the lobby, "that I was beaten nearly to death by the Japanese soldiers in Hong Kong — and practically starved to death in your concentration camp at Stanley — you will realize just how happy I am to get back to my own country!"

His small eyes gleamed at this, and he looked around

hastily to see if those in the lobby had heard what I had said. I was happy to note that all eyes were turned upon us.

"Tell me, Mr. Kurusu," I went on in the same loud, emphatic voice, "were you tortured and beaten in America while you were waiting to be returned to your own country? Did you have nothing to eat but rice? Did you suffer from beri-beri? Were you slapped and kicked around like an animal — ?"

I went on, but found myself talking to a void! Kurusu had turned on his heel and hurried away.

I am sure that this "ambassador of ill-fame" will always remember that I caused him to "lose face" in front of his fellow diplomats and the Americans in the lobby of the Palano Hotel!

* * *

Departure of the ship was delayed until the following afternoon, so again the next morning I went ashore. I was still very weak although the excellent food we were getting aboard the ship was strengthening me. I strolled around for awhile, then sat down on a bench in a little park overlooking the ocean.

While looking around idly, I became aware of a pretty young girl sitting on the bench opposite me. She was very well dressed and undoubtedly an American. I noted that her eyes were filled with tears, and occasionally she would dab at them with a tiny handkerchief.

I rose and went over to her. "Aren't you an American?" I asked. She looked up at me and nodded.

"Yes, I am," she answered.

"I guess that is enough excuse then for me to speak to you," I said. "I saw you seemed to be upset about something. Thought maybe I could help you in some way."

She looked at me for a long moment, then answered in a low husky voice:

"You have a nice face. I just have to tell someone or go crazy! I am going to Japan."

I stared at her in amazement.

"Going to Japan!" I exclaimed. "I don't understand!"

"I am married to a Japanese," she explained. "I have to go to Tokyo with him." She suddenly burst into hysterical sobbing. "I'm afraid! Terribly afraid!"

I started to put my hand on her shoulder to comfort her, but thought better of it. She might misunderstand.

"You mean," I asked, when at last she had ceased crying, "that it is necessary for you to go with your husband to Japan?"

"I am a Japanese citizen, — now," she replied. "There is nothing else I can do."

"I have no right to interfere between you and your husband, even if he is a Jap," I answered. "But if I were you I would never go to Tokyo under any circumstances!" I launched into an account of what had happened to me, not realizing that I was only making the poor girl more miserable.

"It's horrible!" she cried. "What can I do . . . what can I do . . . ?"

"I'm afraid that when you get to Japan you will be

ostracized," I told her bluntly. "The Japanese will never make up to you — because you are an American. Do you love your husband so much that you want to go with him in spite of everything?"

"I guess I do love him in a way," she faltered. "He has been good to me. But I'd rather leave him than to go to a country that is an enemy of my people!"

We walked down the main street of the town together. We hardly spoke to each other. When we neared the docks, I told her I must say goodbye. I suddenly noticed that her face was pale — almost ghastly. She was trembling all over. There were no longer tears in her eyes. Instead I saw a terrible grim expression in them.

"I shall never go!" she exclaimed. "I'll kill myself first!"

Before I knew what was happening she had turned and was running down the street. I dashed after her, fearful that she was going to commit suicide, but she had turned a corner and had disappeared. I hurried along every street off the town but found no trace of her. What happened to that pitiful girl who had made such a terrible mistake in her love life, I shall never know.

* * *

The *Gripsholm* cut a wide swath through the waters of the harbor as it started to move slowly away from the port of Lourenco Marques.

The night was bright with stars, and the air carried a faint perfume which was wafted from the verdant land beyond.

I sat on the afterdeck of the ship, surrounded by a

number of fellow Americans. We all seemed to be under the spell of the night, our hearts filled with joy that at last we were moving towards the shores of our country.

Little groups had collected together relating their experiences in the Orient . . . discussing the future developments of the war . . . and one or two couples had evidently found new love after months of hardship. I gazed longing at these young people sitting close together and looking at each other adoringly. How I wished that Nana could have been there with me and that I could have held her close in my arms! What a pity she could not be enjoying the softness of the air and the vividness of the sky! Her eyes had always seemed to reflect the stars — once I had romantically told her that they were two tiny bits of star-dust!

Abruptly there came the clapping of hands. I turned and saw two tall, gaunt American youths coming towards us. One had a guitar and the other a violin.

These two young men took up a position near the railing and started playing some old American melodies. Soon a number of people on the deck started to sing the words of the songs. Feeling that it was a wonderful moment for music and song, I joined in.

As we moved on through the water at slow speed, an American merchant ship loomed up alongside of us. Some members of the crew of this merchant ship were standing at the railing waving their hands in farewell. Above them atop the main stanchion was the American flag.

Our two young musicians started to play the "Star-Spangled Banner."

I shall never forget that moment when all of us stood there, our eyes fixed on the fluttering banner of our country as it whipped in the night breeze.

"Long may it wave . . . o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave . . ."

THE END

Publisher's Note: While this book is going to press, Mr. Phillip Harman received a letter smuggled out of Japanese occupied China that Nana, his sweetheart, had died of a lingering illness.

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